

spare **Rib**

the new women's magazine

JULY 17½p

The days Women
rocked the World

Georgie Best on Sex

Does the Government
care about Pensioners?

**Richard Neville
on the Glossies**

Growing up in the
Bosom Boom

8 page News Section
and lots more inside.

RELEASE

A stylized illustration featuring a white dove in flight, wings spread, positioned centrally over a textured, shaded globe. The globe is surrounded by several fluffy, white clouds. The entire scene is framed by a thick, irregular black border.

1967 was the year in which RELEASE became actuality.
Since then the activities of our organisation have widened.

We help anyone finding themselves in need of
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Editorial: Marsha Rowe and Rosie Boycott

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Liberation, the lady said. Rubbish we thought. Then we thought some more. Then we talked some more. Then we came together. That was it. Spare RIB is the result.

We are not attempting the impossible. To try to explain Women's Liberation in one quick, easy lesson would be both ludicrous and wrong. Its basis is small group meetings and a magazine cannot achieve that necessary personal communication. What we can do is reflect the questions, ideas and hope that is growing out of our awareness of ourselves, not as a 'bunch of women' but as individuals in our own right.

It was startling to realise that we could not buy any publication which discussed what we felt to be vital issues and so Spare RIB is a beginning. We have tried to create a magazine that is fluid enough to publish work by contributors who have not written before as well as by women and men who are successful journalists and writers.

We are waiting with bated breath for your reactions.

spare
Rib

*Give me a deed, and I will give a quality.
Compel this colloid with your crystalline.
Show clear the difference between you and me.
By some plain symmetry, some clear stated line.
These bubbleings, these half actions, my revolt from unity
Give me a deed, and I will show my quality.*

Poem by Anna Wickham



In Our Own Write

Before starting to publish Spare Rib we sent out questionnaires to lots of women all round the country. Here are some of their comments on what is a liberated woman:

...one who has worked her way through and out of the psychological, social, emotional and intellectual limitations stamped on her by false role definitions and indifferent education.

...someone who is too pre-occupied with her job, daily life, friends and outside activities to have time to think about liberation.

...in the context of marriage with no children and the wife working full time, I would say that a woman can be called liberated if her husband goes halves on the domestic chores, so they have the same amount of real leisure time. In other contexts my thoughts on the subject are either confused or non-existent

...one who can achieve fullest potential in career/family life. However, this is often a matter of luck as many women are confined in a frustrating situation by sick relatives, young children, own illness, death or loss of partner, or lack of opportunity for development. These women must be liberated from their circumstance.

...one whose needs are considered important by her family.

...dissatisfied.

...any ordinary sensible person who does not require 'women's lib' or any other do-gooders to tell her how to react.



Dear Spare Rib,

I have a lot of sympathy with the basic truths of women's lib but I'm sure that the prevalent high pitched righteousness of the writing won't bring much sense of sisterhood to many women.

What we must do is bring up the next generation to be primarily people, not pre-defined sexual types.

Women's mags are a phenomenon of our consumer society, created — very cleverly created — to appeal to specific characteristics in their consumers. These characteristics in women once made them skilled craftspeople in the intricate beautiful, rewarding tasks of construction

of clothes, food, materials, pottery. Now it's all sold to them instead.

best wishes,

Nina,
37 Reporton Road,
SW6

Dear Spare Rib,

I've been hearing a lot about your magazine and wondering if you'd be interested in the following small item.

The Headmaster of a boys' Secondary School on learning of the absence due to sickness, of one of the four women on his staff of twenty was heard to remark 'She's never absent unless she's really ill. She's one of the best men I've got'. On seeing the incredulous look on my face he hastened to explain that he had intended the remark as a compliment!

How far can male ego go?

yours sincerely,
Ruth Benjamin,
22 Severns Field,
Epping.

*Wire dying in me,
worship thine without.
Sweet talking particle,
whither goes thy rout?*

*Rapt indivinity,
molecules mild,
inkept can nothing be,
uttersome child!*

Christopher Logue

Dear Spare Rib

Popularity-conscious people used to boast 'Of course, I am not a feminist'. Now they are inclined to say 'I am a feminist, but I am not Women's Lib'. So, what's disreputable for some folks today, may be comfortably respectable tomorrow. The Suffragettes were accused of the same scandalous behaviour that Women's Lib is accused of now. I am grateful to Women's Lib because in the course of a year or two they got our case more universal attention and made women aware of their rotten status in a way that we, through our respectable women's organisations, had not been able to do in a century. Don't condemn them for burning their bras; praise them for finding so innocuous a way to get our cause into the headlines. They weren't injuring anyone, or damaging anyone else's property, as men protesters regularly do. Let us be grateful to them.

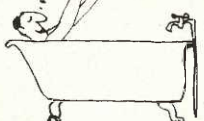
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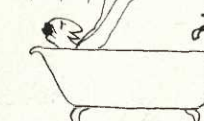
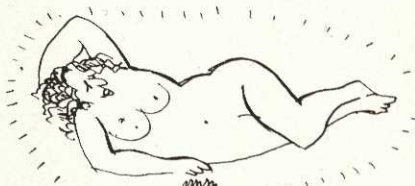
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Monthly



The monthly news-magazine for women

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Rapping on Holloway

A campaign has been organized by Radical Alternatives to Prison (RAP) to oppose the proposed rebuilding of Holloway Prison. The objectives of the campaign are to persuade the Home Office to stop the re-building programme, the first stages of which have already begun; to phase out the existing Holloway; and to create community-based alternatives.

Government policy is to spend some seven million pounds of the taxpayers money on converting the present, universally condemned, Victorian building into a new 'therapeutically orientated' model prison. Objections to the scheme are numerous and profound, ranging from the practical to the moral. It is against Government policy to imprison people at a distance from their families and friends, thus making visiting difficult and expensive, yet, as the main

woman's prison for the entire South of England, Holloway will perpetuate this on a grand scale.

The treatments which the new plan proudly proposes, such as group therapy, are incompatible with isolating patients from their backgrounds, reluctant patients, or short and pre-determined periods of treatment. The inmates of Holloway would be removed from their homes, could not be described as voluntary patients, and are only in Holloway for a term set

by the court, which is on average only 5 months, and in many cases as little as a week. Thus, even if one can accept the concept of a therapeutically orientated prison, and it is clearly open to doubt whether prison life is something to which one should encourage people to adapt, Holloway hardly seems to have the necessary qualifications. The therapists will be the old warders given a crash course and a new coat, which is typical of the way in which the reforms do not stand up to close examination. Money is being spent on the wrong things in the wrong way.

The new Holloway will be an expensive mistake from the point of view of both prisoners and public. There is no need for a massive women's prison at all. It is debatable whether our penal system serves in its deterrent capacity let alone in its rehabilitative one. In the case of women this is particularly true. The majority of women now in prison should not be there. The number of female crimes involving violence, or anything which constitutes a threat to the structure of society or the safety of the public, is negligible. The percentage of women in prison for crimes of violence against the person, and these include procuring abortions, cruelty to children as well as assault murder and manslaughter is 8%; rather less in Holloway as it does not contain the long term prisoners. The bulk of the women are in for crimes such as alcoholism, prostitution, shoplifting, cheating the social security. The trauma and stigma of prison is unlikely to improve their potential as 'good citizens'.

R.A.P. has produced a Report detailing the objections to the new Holloway in depth — the facts about the women in prison, the effect of imprisonment on the women and their families, the cost to the community and suggestions for more humane and effective alternatives. To publicise this and try to mobilise the public

pressure which is the only thing that can change the beaurocratic mind, a motion has been laid in the House of Commons, and some 50 questions will be asked in Parliament relating to the proposed prison. On the 23rd May a committee room in the House of Commons was taken for a meeting with interested M.P.'s. On the 21st May a street theatre toured London publicising the position of prisoners and distributing leaflets. On the 6th of June there was a rally in the Central Hall, Westminster. *Caroline Younger*

The report can be obtained from R.A.P., 104/5 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1. Price about 35p.

Another first to set women's lib rejoicing

The naming yesterday of 52 year old Alene Bertha Duerk as the U.S. Navy's first woman admiral. Admiral Duerk, from Ohio, head of the U.S. Nurse Corps, was one of 50 captains nominated by President Nixon for promotion to rear admiral (D.Mail) And in the *Sunday Mirror's* political briefing by Harold Hutchinson on Barbara Castle.

Barbara, who is as slim as a girl and has always looked at least ten years younger than she is, had a hair do before each battle with the toughies from the unions, but it didn't help. She lost the war. Harold Wilson also lost and probably the Labour Party lost.

But in the fight she showed spirit, energy and courage that in my book put her above any woman — and most men — in politics.

It happened in the conciliation bureau of a New York court. 'You will get a divorce over my dead body', a man told his wife — Then he shot her dead and committed suicide.



Bob Mazzer

Parliament

Viva vasectomy

by Christine Eade

This is the story of a successful television producer with a beard; a gnomish Welsh solicitor with twenty changes of waistcoat; the last British officer appointed to the Punjab Commission; and an engineer who is also a consultant art dealer. At the end of the story, we see how the television producer, Phillip Whitehead, defeated the other three, and had passed into law a Bill which allows vasectomy free of charge.

Local health authorities will soon bear the cost of a man's vasectomy operation, just as the authorities can for other contraceptive services under the Family Planning Act of 1967. And the solicitor, Leo Abse, the Punjabi Commission officer, John Biggs-Davison and the engineer, Anthony Fell, will remember how their cries of 'sadism', 'Castration', 'mutilation' and 'ram's charter' failed to stop Parliament changing the law to allow men to be sterilized at the state's expense.

On December 1, Phillip Whitehead published his National Health Service (Family Planning) Amendment Bill which had a formal first reading as a private member's bill. On January 21, he went to an almost empty House of Commons to ask for a second reading.

The request was set against a background of 4,731 vasectomies performed by the Family Planning Association in four years at a cost to the patient of £15.50. Only 166 were carried out free of charge, and there was a waiting list of more than 4,000. In 1969, only 2,000 men were sterilized on the National Health Service for health reasons. Privately, the operation could cost £70.

Phillip Whitehead reasoned that perhaps a predominantly male institution had given little thought to vasectomy as a form of birth control, and begged them: 'I ask this largely male assembly to consider when it next sends its women-folk along that road where pills can have side effects or be forgotten, where caps do not always fit and intrauterine devices can come out, to consider the possibility of male sterilisation.'

Leo Abse had other things to say. After working for divorce and homosexual reform, he now fights to undo abortion reform.

He denied that vasectomy was a contraceptive measure and said — having quoted a wealth of American expertise: 'In some cases they affirm that it is a means for emotionally sick women to castrate their husbands. In these seasons of women's liberation movements, when some women seem to be so permanently at odds with their own womanhood that this aggressive hostility to men takes this order in this odd form does not surprise me... We certainly need to be on guard against those women who, masking their sadism under the guise of benevolence and concern for the future of humanity, campaign with such intemperate zeal for the present symbolic emasculation of mankind. It is no part of the role of this House in my judgement to institutionalise and to give legislative form to the sado-masochism now surfacing in contemporary Britain.'

The arguments continued on February 2nd the Bill went into committee stage.

Leo Abse opened the proceedings by trying to amend the Bill so that a man could only be sterilized if he had taken psychiatric or other counselling advice. It was a dodge often used by opponents of the Abortion Act. They tried to make every woman

seeking an abortion see a consultant gynaecologist — knowing that the Act would fail for want of consultant gynaecologists.

Geoffrey Finsberg (MP for Hampstead) told him that a Simon Population Trust report showed that only six men out of 1,004 had regretted being sterilized. John Pardoe, the only Liberal, demanded: 'If I want a vasectomy, how long am I to spend with a psychiatrist, whose advice I am to take, and how much will the psychiatrist get for his services?' Leo Abse thought the fees would be small.

The debate on psychiatrists lasted 4½ hours spread over nearly two sessions, until Leo Abse withdrew the amendment.

For the rest of the second committee meeting on February 9 and most of the third committee meeting on February 16, the committee polarised, with only Phillip Whitehead taking a moderate line.

The opposing extremists to Abse, Biggs-Davison and Fell were led by Douglas Houghton, an ex-Labour Cabinet Minister, who wanted to delete Phillip Whitehead's earlier provision that the operation should only be performed on men over 30. Meanwhile, Anthony Fell wanted to change 'thirty' to 'Sixty years,' and explained jovially, 'I had originally intended to insert 'ninety-five',

but thought that might be regarded as frivolous and therefore brought it down to a reasonable age.'

When the vote was taken only on leaving out the age of 30, by the extraordinary irony which makes Parliament Parliament, Abse, Biggs-Davison, Fell and Whitehead all voted against it. They were defeated by the Houghton faction composed of four Conservatives, two Socialists and the Liberal — seven votes to four.

Leo Abse was furious and accused Douglas Houghton of wrecking the Bill; John Biggs-Davison accused two of the Conservatives of dithering before voting.

The first clause was passed on the fourth sitting on February 23 by nine votes to two — Leo Abse not voting — and Anthony Fell went on to complain that it was wrong to use tax payers money for vasectomy. Douglas Houghton said: 'I deeply object to Catholic education, but I have to contribute towards it.' As the debate rambled, John Pardoe said: 'Any fool can take part in a discussion of this sort. It takes a strong man to keep silent.' He said that if 10,000 vasectomies were performed a year at £20 each, it would only cost the country £200,000. Local authorities spend £2½ million a year on family planning services.

After further delaying tactics, the other clauses were passed, with only Biggs-



Davison and Fell voting against and Leo Abse beginning to vote with the majority. The Bill was brought back before the house, where after lengthy preambles there were 75 votes in favour.

On May Day, the action moved to the House of Lords where Lord Amulree, a Liberal Physician, had adopted it to steer it through the same phases as Phillip Whitehead had in the Commons. The only dissenting voices were Lord Brock's, a former President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who quoted the Hippocratic Code, forbidding surgery for non-medical reasons and Lord Craigmyle who took up the cry of 'Castration'.

As a committee of Lords re-examined the Bill on May 16, the Government made its first direct move to change it.

Local authorities no longer had to keep records of men refused vasectomies before the age of 30. Lord Aberdare said

that would be elaborate and costly. He also struck out the change asking for reports on 'social relationships' after sterilization. 'This provision would involve quite unacceptable intrusion into the lives of families when the husband has had a vasectomy,' he said.

On June 6, the Lords examined their handiwork on the report stage, and sent the Bill back to the Commons on June 16 — the last day available in the Parliamentary calendar for private Members Bills — where it bumped up again against the pop festivals Bill, which had been involved in so many Parliamentary cross currents that it never left the Commons.

Royal Assent will follow and the right to free vasectomy will be enshrined in law for two years. For by 1974, the health service administration — now shared between local and central government and the hospitals — will be reformed. But a small reform will probably remain in a re-grouped health service and be a monument to a big struggle.

Overseas



Production-reproduction

April the 8th this year saw the opening of a Women's Exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm. More than 1300 people visited the exhibition, which is a humorous and sharp exposé of the economic and ideological oppression of women. 'You could say it is built up around the three key words: Production — Reproduction — Sexism. The women's role is decided 'not by her relation to production but her relation to reproduction' says the introduction to the catalogue.

The exhibition goes on to prove its point. In one part the myth and reality of the reproduction function is illustrated by a collage of two happy parents with two happy children in their home; then the mother is depicted at home baking while the father is seen at work. These scenes, the myth of married life, are juxtaposed with reality; lonely mothers, quarrelling parents, aged parents left alone to die.

Another exhibit highlights the sexist oppression of women through magazines, prostitution, and art where, to quote Charlotte Bronte 'There is one picture for the pleasure of men and one for the women to identify with — the rose and the lilac, the whore and the holy.'

By now the exhibition has moved to other parts of Sweden, but it is obviously having tremendous impact. There are plans to make short films of certain exhibits to be shown in schools, picture files to be kept in libraries, and commercial books to be produced. As yet there are no plans to bring the exhibition over to England, but we can wait and see.

Groups



The Working Association of Mothers was founded two years ago as a number of woman's self-help co-operatives aiming to improve the status and standards of the average housewife. The original idea, explains founder Diana Priestley, 'was simply to bring woman, and their children, out of their homes into the community, to replace the family, the village green, to give them an identity, the confidence to plan their environment, rather than have it forced upon them.' After the initial flurry of the 1970 launching, about ten groups have settled down to their tasks, all in London boroughs or the Home Counties. The identity of the various branches of WAM is naturally as varied as the women who comprise them. Middle class coffee mornings in one area with the emphasis on child rearing and mutual aid, council estate pressure groups in another. All facets of the women's life are included, each in its necessary way.

For those interested in WAM. Contact Diana Priestley
22 Victoria Road, Teddington,
Middlesex.

N.H.R.

It is not the aim of the National Housewives Register to have every woman as a member, what we would like to feel is that every woman knows that we exist and what the NHR is for.

The National Housewives' Register was established in the early sixties after a 'Guardian' Woman's Page feature suggesting that a flow of communication should be set in motion between housewives all over Britain. Ten years later the organisation numbers 600 autonomous groups in the UK and there is a growth rate of two new groups every week.

There is no age limit to

membership and the size of each group varies enormously, with an optimum number of around 30 women. Small meetings held in members' homes make for informality. If the numbers swell much beyond thirty a new group forms from the surplus. 'NHR is essentially a participatory organisation' explains Lesley Morland who edits the NHR Magazine, which appears quarterly and has a circulation of 16,000 copies. Groups tend to base their programmes on non-domestic topics, with members researching background material to form the basis for discussion. Mutual aid and the development of common interests are the natural outcome of such activities.

The National Housewives Register is open to all women; for the name and address of your local organiser, write, enclosing a SAE, to Anita Brocklesby, 39 Chawn Park Drive, Pedmore, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Femfresh life without love

Femfresh, the vaginal deodorant firm who admitted recently in the trade journal *Ad Weekly* that, with the onset of Women's Lib, their market had been disastrously decreased, have lowered their sights. With superb candour, which does nothing to mask the cold bloodedness of their motives, they have launched their latest campaign at the 12-15 year old market, the most impressionable of buying groups.

The ad, which features a model aged 17, slit down her middle, gym-slip clad to the left and naked to the right, makes it clear to the pubescent youngsters that a life without Femfresh is a life without love, beauty, charm and all those other vital ingredients. The model got £500 for the job and admitted that she was delighted that it was proving such a success. Whether among juvenile purchasers or among the legion of dirty old men remains to be seen.

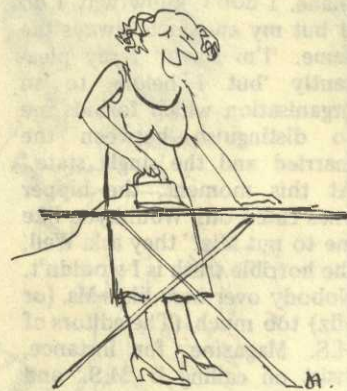
Clean up your conscience

Most people are unaware of the large number of women whose only possible form of employment is night cleaning. Every large office block has its force of night cleaners who are paid as little as £12.50 for a 40 hour week. Until recently these women worked individually and did not consider forming themselves into a union. But about 2 years ago, May Hobbs, herself a night cleaner, formed a union with the help of some of the members of Women's Liberation. Their campaign began at the huge Shell buildings in Waterloo, London. They leafleted the women as they arrived for work each evening. Now, two years later, 75% of the Shell cleaners belong to the union. Last month they were given a pay rise of £1, a pitifully small sum considering the amount of work done, and the families and children most of them support. The following is an account by one of the Shell cleaners of what has been happening.

'We are a group of women working in the Shell Centre building fighting for a fair deal for women night cleaners. Once upon a time it seemed hopeless to fight the contract cleaners then along came some women from the Women's Liberation Movement who asked us if we were interested in joining the Trade & General Worker's Union. They explained to us what we could achieve if we all joined together to show the bosses that we are fed up with being treated like dirt. Gradually the women started joining the Union and small meetings were held in pubs and cafes. May Hobbs, the militant cleaner, came along and gave us pep talks and she also contacted various people to come along and talk to us, to tell us what we are able to do for ourselves if we stick together and fight. The cleaning contractors have had everything their own way up to now, being able to sack the women on the spot sometimes just for speaking up for themselves. Mind you there has been a marked difference in the attitude of the bosses since

they realized that so many women have joined the union. They are not so sure of their position now they know we are not fighting them alone but have people backing us. To really understand the way night cleaners are treated and the amount of work they are given to do one has to see it. I know that a lot of people are saying, 'Why do it?' Well, night time is the only chance for women with small children to go out to work as their husbands are at home to look after the children. Believe me, it's no picnic doing night cleaning, especially when some days you only get 2 or 3 hours sleep, because most women can't go to bed until their husbands come home from work. Everybody knows it's the cost of living today that forces a woman to accept a job on these terms, and the cleaning contractor bosses know they have got the women over a barrel because they can't pick what hours they want to work. It's my honest opinion that a government inquiry is needed to look into the wages and conditions of night cleaners.

A short film has been made on the cleaners which is available to be shown in colleges and factories. Please send any donations to the cleaners and inquiries to Box No. 11, Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.



I've liked ironing ever since I had my husband's portrait painted on the board

What Emily Did

*'Put me upon an island where the girls are few
Put me amongst the most ferocious lions in the zoo
You can put me on a treadmill and I'll never never fret
But for pity's sake don't put me near a Suffragette.'*



'Put me upon an island' roared two hundred young men swaying Christabel Pankhurst's waggon as she stood in mortar board and academic gown addressing an enormous crowd. Suffragettes had been dreaded but they were becoming an admired and fascinating phenomenon.

It was June 16, 1902, a day of brilliant sunshine and in response to a challenge from the Prime Minister to prove nationwide support for the women's movement the Suffragettes had organised a mammoth demonstration. 'All London Gathers in Hyde Park — Women's Triumph — Victory Assured,' read the Press headlines. Although thousands of women converged on the Park with military precision, in white summer dresses and marching under elaborately embroidered banners they produced a thoroughly feminine spectacle. 'There has never been any procession where the average of good looks was so high,' said Bernard Shaw. 'But the horses of the mounted police would take the prize for real beauty. They are well looked after. Human beings don't seem to be so valuable.'

Corsets became tighter and home life more formal

The nineteenth century woman had hardly qualified as a human being. As soon as industrialisation heralded freedom from manual labour it was decreed that women should only leave home three times in their life — to be christened, to be married, to be buried. Male persons only were mentioned in the 1832 Electoral Reform Bill and it was then for the first time that women were disqualified from voting. For two decades they did not question their position and corsets became tighter and home life ever more formal and intricate.

advocating abandonment of stays and the wearing of pantaloons. It gave rise to grave fears and a popular broadsheet of the day forecast:

*'Married men may weep And tumble in the ditches
Since women are resolved To wear the shirt and breeches.'*

In a world designed by men for men where women were allotted a secure place in the complicated structure of the Victorian household, Bloomerism did not last. Nevertheless prosperity and improved communications did allow women to study and travel and by the eighteen-sixties a campaign for women's suffrage began and flourished. It was soon evident that a new woman would emerge, but how would she materialise? William Morris and the early Socialists saw her as a gentle goddess, helping and inspiring her partner. The anti-feminists visualised a latchkey holder aspiring to rule men and asserting her independence by loose language and smoking. Was the Suffragist, the clever bluestocking and philanthropist, a candidate for new womanhood? The failure of numerous deputations to Parliament was proof that her arguments in favour of votes for women were unacceptable. By the turn of the century the Suffrage movement was almost dead, and members of the general public would no longer attend Suffragist meetings.

Emmeline Pankhurst had campaigned for Votes for Women with her husband and the socialist pioneers since the eighties, believing that women could in some mysterious manner get their way by 'purely women's methods.' She was essentially feminine herself — petite and slim, with black hair, an olive complexion and violet blue eyes. She came near to being the woman of a William Morris vision in her relationship with her husband, but when he died suddenly after nineteen years of happy marriage and she was left to support her family of four children, her life changed. Through social work, Mrs Pankhurst had discovered many evils affecting women and children which were ignored by all male legislation and the disadvantages of women's position in society now became very real.

Through social work she discovered many evils affecting women were ignored by male legislation

Her eldest daughter Christabel was convinced that women — women of every class — must find their own way to freedom, and in Manchester in 1903, the Pankhursts formed the Women's Social and Political Union. It differed from all previous Suffrage Societies in that it was attached to no political party and men were not eligible for membership. Two years later, Annie Kenney, a mill girl accompanied Christabel to a great Liberal rally at the Manchester Free Trade Hall and asked at question time, what a Liberal Government would do about Votes for Women. The sound of a woman's voice at a political meeting caused sensation, the girls were dragged out unanswered and for spitting at one of her captors, Christabel achieved her objective — imprisonment. Annie suffered with her. The episode hit the headlines, suddenly the whole country knew about Votes for Women and the *Daily Mail* quickly invented a name for the agitators — the Suffragettes.

From this modest beginning the Movement grew and flourished. Annie was now a heroine, twenty-six years old, fearless, ingenuous and inspired. Nothing was impossible and having arrived to rouse London with two pounds in her pocket and all her belongings in a little wicker basket, she very soon arranged a unique suffrage meeting where working women with babies sat beside the aristocratic patrons of the old suffrage societies. Keir Hardie, the leader of the Independent Labour Party and the Suffragettes' first champion, had introduced Annie to her earliest recruits — working women from London's East End — and it was through Keir Hardie that the Pankhursts met the Pethick Lawrences who were largely responsible for the astonishing public success of the movement.

'They really were like overshadowing guardian angels.' Brilliant and wealthy, Fred and Emmeline Pethick Lawrence gave up their lives and much of their fortune to the Suffragettes. They established headquarters at Clement's Inn, set the movement on an official basis, and through their many



Preparation for the June 21st rally.

On October 13th, 1908, Christobel, Mrs Pankhurst and Flora Drummond were arrested for inviting the public to help the Suffragettes 'rush the House of Commons'. On the morning of the 13th, when the warrant officers arrived, the Pankhursts had disappeared leaving a note to Inspector Jarris, to say they would give themselves up at 6 o'clock that evening. Meanwhile they spent the day doing last minute business. Punctually at six they came to the main office and were arrested. While photographers and reporters crowded the room.



Excited crowds leave Hyde Park after a huge rally, June 21, 1908.



Annie Kenney in mill-girl costume, 1906. When she was 25 went to a meeting where Christobel Pankhurst was speaking. She was instantly converted



Flora Drummond at the Hyde Park Rally, June 21, 1908. Because of her uniform and the epaulettes, Mrs Drummond became known as The General.



influential friends, a new type of woman was drawn into the movement — the educated middle class girl, freed from the tight restriction of home life but with no place in a rigidly narrow society. By joining the Suffragettes she found fulfilment for her talents and a comradeship that she had never before known.

'The most persuasive beggar in London'

While the Pethick Lawrences and Christabel organised the movement from headquarters, Mrs Pankhurst took a physically more active part, addressing audiences all over the country. An outstanding speaker with a subtle wit and disarming simplicity of expression she had the sort of break in her voice that marks the great orator. She knew her strength, yet was innately modest and although she was always prepared to do herself what she expected of others, many admirers found her personally rather aloof, Mrs Pethick Lawrence on the contrary was brimming over with a warmth and effusion that gave the younger Suffragettes a much needed sense of security. She spoke in flowery terms about the spiritual evolution of women but she was, at the same time, strictly down to earth in the business running of the Union. As Treasurer she was known as the 'most persuasive beggar in London,' her appeals met with generous response and the Union's empty treasury was soon well filled. A strict check was kept on expenses and organisers were obliged to take personal responsibility for any overspending. From experience in the Salvation Army, Mrs Pethick Lawrence knew the value of a picturesque and emotional appeal. It was she who introduced the pageantry in the Suffragette processions and the symbolic Suffragette colours, purple, white and green.

Pethick Lawrence and Christabel worked closely together during the early years of the struggle, but he rarely appeared in the news except when standing bail for Suffragettes who had been taken into custody. His skill and knowledge in the fields of law, journalism and politics brought a highly professional standard to all the public work of the WSPU and Christabel's ideas tempered by his advice resulted in many successful strategies.

Some named her the 'precocious piglet'

A born leader with an outstanding intellect, Christabel had a natural ability to select workers and a captivating personality which appealed to men and women of every class. She became a national idol and within the movement was undoubtedly the object of unashamed hero worship.

For some time working women took the lead in calling on Ministers and interrupting political meetings. Mrs Drummond, an energetic little Scottish woman was often to the fore on these occasions. It was once said that her good humour gave her a free pass into any camp however hostile. This was not altogether true, for when she barged into Number Ten Downing Street to try to attend a Cabinet Council meeting she was not welcomed. Privately, some of the younger Suffragettes nicknamed her 'the precocious piglet,' but this title was given up when she proved her tremendous organising ability at the Hyde Park meeting and she was known henceforward as the General.

By 1908, it was no longer extraordinary to see upper class women standing in the gutter selling the Union paper, or to hear a Suffragette urging electors to vote against a Government which refused to consider one half of the population. At first people had spat in the faces of the paper sellers and showered speakers with rotten fruit and vegetables. Every public appearance was an ordeal, 'Wait 'til we catch you bending,' called a crowd of little boys as a titled lady blushed with embarrassment in her efforts to chalk the notice of a meeting on a pavement. Another woman walked round and round Mecklenburgh Square in tears before daring to take the chair at a meeting, but she knew that if asked to do something, she was expected to get on with it and succeed.

The women were both ridiculed and admired by the general public, but in the sacred field of politics, they produced a violent reaction. Their plea for an official status in society and for the vote as a means to improve the economic position of women was misunderstood as a bid to pull down the all male stronghold of Parliament. All their attempts to make contact

with Cabinet Ministers were either ignored or answered by harsh treatment and imprisonment. Working women could endure the hardship, but many others were initially overcome by being punished as common criminals. 'Cruel Treatment of English Ladies,' commented the press when a group, broken by the prison experience, had to be released before time. The Hyde Park demonstration impressed the country but the Government was unmoved. A rejected deputation then broke the windows of Government offices and because long imprisonments were imposed, the women began hunger strikes for early release. The glory of martyrdom now superseded all misery and discomfort and the Suffragettes emerged from prison triumphant. Cabinet Ministers soon banned women from meetings because of interruptions, and they were consequently waylaid and pestered whenever the women could get near them. Soon the Prime Minister had to be smuggled into public meetings. 'It is surely a little undignified for a British Premier to be making unexpected entrances and mysterious exits like a trap door artist in a Christmas pantomime,' commented the press, but security only became tighter. Stones were thrown at ministers' cars, and then the sickening process of forcible feeding was imposed to keep the miscreants in prison. The women, struggled, the wardresses and doctors reacted with brutality, and in many cases teeth were broken and heart and lungs seriously affected. 'They just left you in a kind of half sobbing condition,' said one of the victims. 'One had a tight feeling like a band round one's head all the time.'

With vindictive oaths, they mauled the women

The whole question of Suffragette imprisonments had caused embarrassment to the Government. The women maintained that they should be treated as political prisoners, but they were generally placed in the second and third divisions where they defied rules, and on release exposed the appalling conditions. Titled women and such well known personalities as Mrs Despard were given preferential treatment on the pretext of ill health. Lady Constance Lytton did in fact suffer from a chronic heart disease, but she was determined to put the authorities to the test, and disguising herself as a pathetic Suffragette seamstress, she led a demonstration in the streets of Liverpool. She was imprisoned, and refusing to take food she was forcibly fed without a heart test. Violent sickness occurred every time, the prison doctor slapped her face, and not until she broke down several days later, was her identity discovered. The episode became a public scandal, but it was ill timed. The country was preparing for a general election, the then Home Secretary was promoted under the new Government, and nothing could be done. Lady Constance recovered temporarily from her experience, but then became paralysed and a permanent invalid.

arms. The day became known as Black Friday. Many women were permanently injured, two died as a result of their

Her brother, Lord Lytton, soon afterwards drew up an all party Women's Suffrage Bill and a truce was held while the measure was debated in Parliament. Hopes ran high for its success, but after months of delay, the Militants felt that the Government was trifling with the issue, and sent another deputation to Parliament. The women were on good terms with the Westminster Police Force. Arrests were often made quite amicably, and the admiring constables would beg Suffragette badges as souvenirs, but on November 19 1910, thugs were brought in from the East End to prevent the women getting near the House. They had orders to drive the women away without making arrests, and in the face of the Suffragettes' fanatical persistence they lost control. With vindictive oaths, they mauled the women by their throats, pulled them by their breasts, kicked them and twisted their

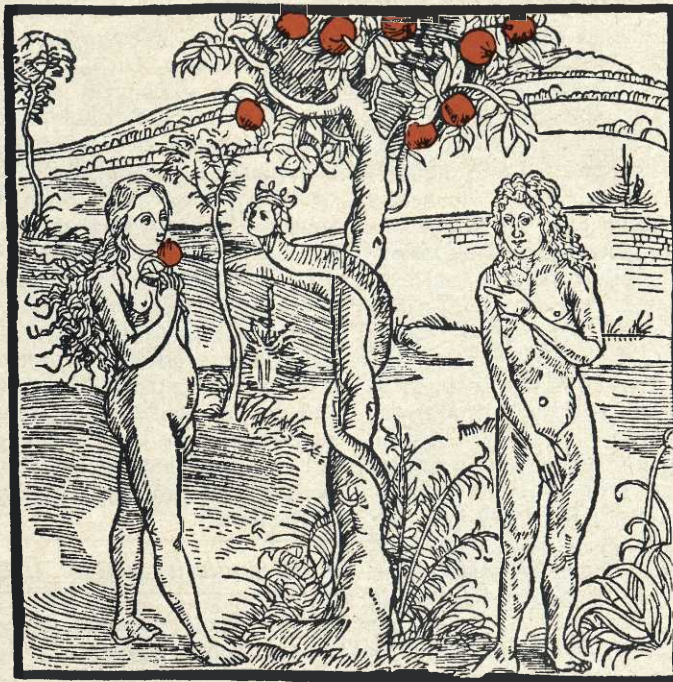
treatment and the occasion was at the root of the subsequent window smashing campaigns. 'Is not a woman's body, are not her limbs, more valuable than panes of glass?' said Mrs Pankhurst.

The number of Suffragists and Suffragettes in the country had grown phenomenally during the time of truce and massive demonstrations and impressive public spectacles were

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Adam's Knobby Rib

This is the first in a series on women in history
written by Sheila Rowbotham, writer, teacher and agitator



The arguments for and against women's liberation are much older than you'd think. Chaucer makes his wife of Bath protest against the church's treatment of women. The clergy had a monopoly over communications.

*'My God, if women hadde written stories
As clerics hav with-inne hir oratories,
They wolde han written of men more wicked verse.
Than all the mark of Adam may redress'.*

Old sayings, too, indicate that men felt women presented some kind of threat. 'A woman, a dog and a walnut-tree, the more you beat them the better they be.'

Controversy about women's liberation was expressed in religious terms. People took texts from the Bible to argue in support and in opposition. An old pro-feminist ballad used the story of Eve's creation to argue for female equality.

*'She was not made out of his head, Sir,
To rule and to govern the man,
Nor was she made out of his feet, Sir
By man to be trampled upon
But she did come forth from his side, Sir,
His equal and partner to be;
And now they are coupled together
She oft proves the top of the tree'.*

But Eve's temptation and fall could be used by others to show the weakness and wickedness of women.

In the Seventeenth Century the question of women's place came up in the context of religious conflict and revolution. The Puritans challenged the authority of king and priest, saying a man's own conscience should be his guide to interpreting God's will. But most of them regarded the authority of the father over his household, children, wife and servants as still sacred. They wanted liberty for the male property owner not his dependants. Economic changes in the organisation of work were driving women out of some of the trades where their position had been protected by guild regulations. The Puritans had a strong suspicion of female sexuality. In the Seventeenth Century men thought women were lascivious and hypocritical — 'Saints in the Church, angels in the streets, devils in the lecturn and apes in your bed'.

However, there was another side to Puritanism. Women

began to argue that they too should follow their consciences and interpret God's will for themselves. Why couldn't women become prophetesses? Small Puritan sects developed, all believing that they were absolutely correct. Women sometimes differed in their allegiance to these from their husbands. When it came to a conflict between the husband's authority and the dictates of conscience some chose to follow the latter. Women, too, started to take more public political action. They petitioned Parliament in 1642 against popery and justified themselves by explaining that Christ had come to save them as much as men and that they had had to suffer from popery as much as men. By 1647 they were more confident in asserting their rights.

'Would you have us keep at home in our houses while men are fetched out of their beds and forced from their houses by soldiers, to the affrightening and undoing of themselves, and their wives, children and families . . . shall we sit still and keep at home?'

In 1651 they gave voice to their powerlessness and grief in the Civil War. 'We have for many years chattered like Cranes and mourned like Doves.'

A strong anti-feminist tendency appeared in contemporary pamphlets. In response 'Mary Tattlewell' and 'Joan Hit-him-home' spinsters produced one called 'The Women's Sharpe Revenge', defending women on the old grounds that she came out of Adam's side and was therefore meant to be man's equal and companion.

Thirty years later the debate was still going on, though the grounds of feminist defence had shifted to the more regular argument of natural rights. The anti-feminists were far from defeated. In the mid 1670's 'The Women's Fagaries' showing the great endeavours they had used for obtaining the Breeches' supported male domination against their sex which had been made out of a 'knobbly crooked rib', and took a firm give 'em an inch and they take a mile, feminists under the bed line on female aspirations.

'When Men unto their wives make long beseeches, the women domineer who wear breeches, their tongues, their hands, their wits to work they set. And never leave till they conquest get . . . Nothing will serve them when their fingers itches. Until such time they have attained the Breeches.'

Three hundred years later Adam's knobby rib is still struggling and the monstrous regiment has grown and multiplied.

Face Value

Behind the Dirt

Let's get it straight from the beginning. I'm not going to talk to you in this column about all the fantastic new things you can buy to paint your face with or what the latest trends are. I'm going to talk about how you can really care for your skin and I'd like to hear about your personal skin problems. We live in a polluted environment and, as much as we dislike it, we've got to live with it. Our skins suffer tremendously because of it. Back in the good old days, when we had fresh air and sunshine and ate good wholesome food, we didn't have to worry so much. But now just look at it. Go anywhere near an exhaust from a train or a car and there's a really dirty skin. Eat frozen foods and you're not getting the vitamins and nourishment your skin needs to be healthy.

What kind of woman are you? Do you really know — and right down to the finer details — like your skin? What kind of skin have you got? Dry. Oily. Sensitive. If you want to really care for your skin it is extremely important to know what skin type you have, and what type of care it needs.

My main aim in this column is to help you to become aware of your personal skin, work it out for yourself and then care for it. Firstly, analyse your skin. When you've cleaned your face in the morning, don't put anything on it at all, just go about your normal routine work or whatever (jump into the cot for a tumble) then about 2-3 hours later take a really good close-up look at your skin — not your face — in the mirror. Touch it, feel it, and work out the following.

1. How does it feel to the touch of your fingers. Along the side from your cheekbone to jawline? Quite taut? A bit rough? Does your skin feel as if it's been

stretched too tight? If the answer is yes, they you have a dry skin — or dry in that area. This is pretty average, most people are dry along the edge of the face. Now run your finger tips down the centre of your face along the forehead, nose and chin.

1. If it feels taut and the skin stretched and flaky, then you have a generally very dry skin. If it feels hot or itchy or you feel like scratching it, then it's not only dry but sensitive as well.

2. If your skin feels taut and flaky and prickly along from cheek bone to jawline but a bit oily to touch down the centre panel — from forehead to chin — then you have the classic combination skin, ie, dry and oily. One important thing to remember about this skin type — you must treat it as 2 skins: a dry skin and an oily skin.

3. If your skin feels greasy to the touch all over chin, forehead, cheeks, along the hairline, from cheek bone to jawline, they you have an oily skin. It's the easiest skin type to identify simply by the 'glow' of oil on the skin.

4. If you have little white lumps under the skin in isolated areas, like around the eye socket or on your chin perhaps, then you have too much acid in your skin.

5. Have you got pimples anywhere — all over, in isolated areas — take note where the trouble spots are! Have you got dirty pores, around the nose, on your chin for instance. Once again, take note where.

6. Take a good look at the pores of your skin. Have you got great holes that look like craters in certain areas — on your cheeks, nose and chin.

7. Where are the lines on your face? I mean by lines, actual permanent marks that are still there when your face is relaxed, not just when you are animated. These lines can never be removed completely with cosmetic treatment unless you have surgery, ie, a face lift. Remember expression lines grow up to be wrinkles if they are not cared for.

OK So now you've had a really heavy narcissistic trip. You've been poring over your skin for the last half hour, but by this time you should really know what sort of skin you have. Basically oily, dry, combination, with perhaps a touch of acidity, open pores, problem skin (blackheads and pimples), etc etc. So now you know what you've got to cope with — how do you go about it? Obviously

there's not room here to give you all the information you need at once but I will deal with it all step by step.

Cleansing

There are 2 types of dirt to remove from the skin: 1. Oil soluble waste from the sebaceous glands and remains of make up. 2. Water soluble dirt from the skin. The only way to remove oil solubles is with a cream or oil that will combine with it, cut through it and bring it to the surface of the skin so that it can be removed. Water soluble dirt can be removed with a good cosmetic soap.

Dry Skins need a very soft cream or oil that won't drag on the skin but, at the same time, will do the job of removing the dirt. Never drag a dry skin — it stretches it. A dry skin really must be pampered. Think of it like a dry leaf as against a green leaf. If you screw up the dry one in your hand it will break up into little bits, but a green one will fall back into place.

Oily Skins need to be cleansed very, very thoroughly because the pores tend to get clogged up and result in blackheads and pimples which develop into acne. Don't be afraid to use oil on an oily skin to remove the oil solubles because, unless you remove the oil — which is the main problem — you're not really cleaning properly. Lots of people with oily skins make the mistake of thinking if they use soap and water they'll dry the skin up and get rid of the problem — but it doesn't necessarily work that way. Sure soap and water will make you feel well scrubbed but it doesn't float up the oils from the base of the pores as does a deep cleanser.

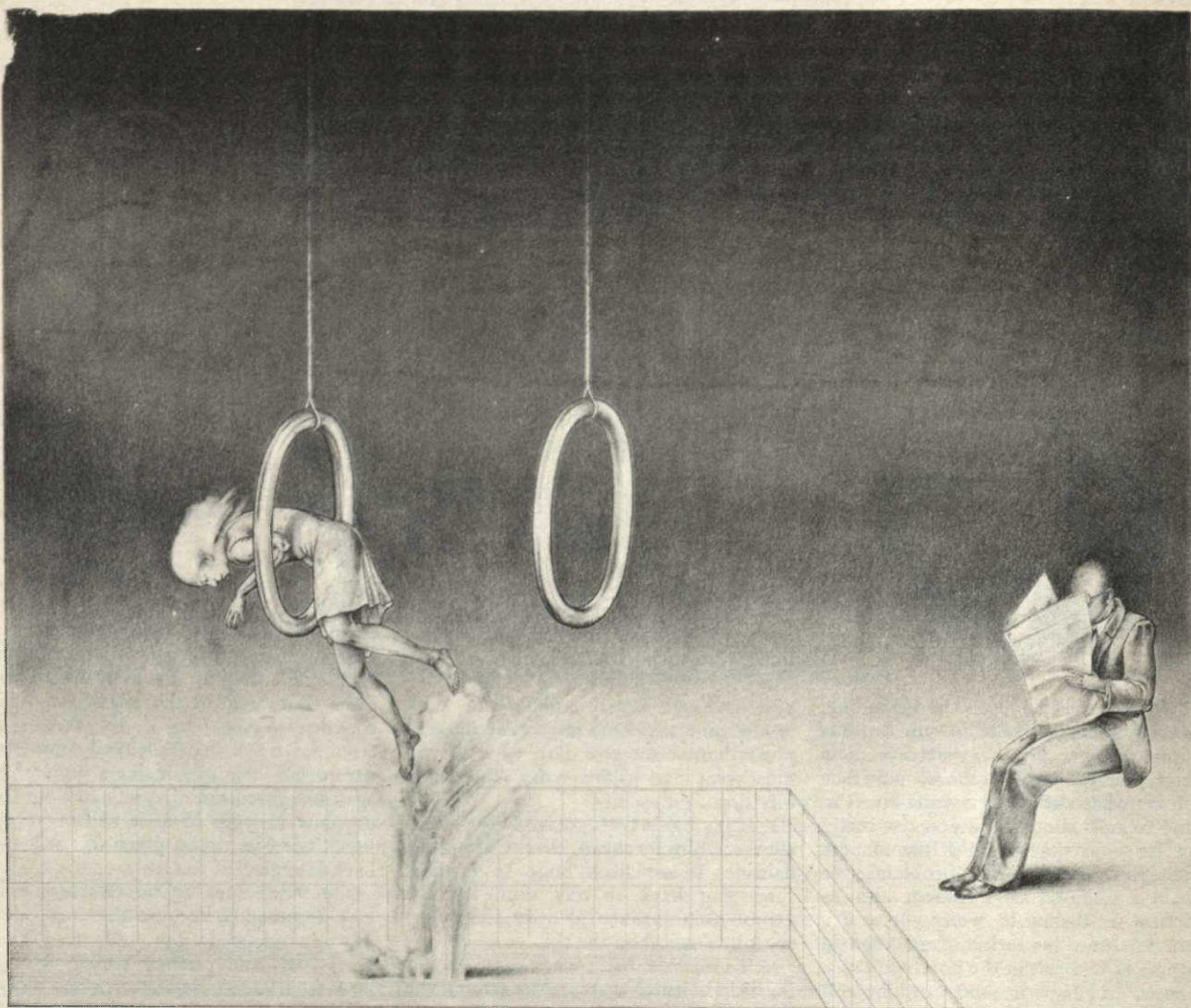
A Combination Skin, as I said earlier, must be treated as 2 skins: an oily skin and a dry skin. So follow the above relevant info.

A Sensitive Skin must be treated carefully. Do not use any sort of perfumed creams on your skin. They don't do it any good and will irritate it and even bring it up in a rash.

There's a very good book out at the moment called *Herbs for Health and Cookery*, by Claire Loewenfeld and Philippa Buck (Pan Books). It has a good section 'The Natural Way To Beauty' explaining different herbs to use for various skin types. One word of advice though. Do know what skin type you have before you read it. **Next month, toning and moisturising.** *Julie Reiter*

Sunday Morning

By Beverly Jones Illustration: Stewart Mackinnon



The alarm rang at eight. She stirred, heard the cat outside the door and went back to sleep. She woke again at 8.45, turned on her back and then leaning on her elbows half sat up.

'Oh, darling, it's a quarter to nine. Come on, Stan, we'd better get up. You have to be there at ten don't you?'

'Uh.'

'Come on, love, get up and turn the heat on and I'll make your breakfast.' She waited some time for the response and after several minutes it came.

'Uh.'

'Stan, if you don't get up now you won't have time for breakfast.' She waited again but there was no response issuing from beside her. 'The cat is outside the door, hear her? I got up to take a pee before and I saw her sleeping on the laundry bag near the door. Should I let her in?'

'Ah ha.'

She crawled out of bed to let the cat in thinking the cat could wake him more effectively and with fewer repercussions than she could. She opened the bedroom door and meant to run back to bed but the cat on seeing her started for the kitchen.

'OK, Cat, which is it, do you want to cuddle or have breakfast?' She followed the cat down the hall, past the doorway, to the kitchen where the cat turned off, and into the living room. She turned up the heater, closed the window in the living room, left open for the cat, and went from there to the kitchen where she spooned some sardines from an already opened tin into the cat's plate, then she hurried shivering to the bedroom.

He had turned over in bed and was lying across it so that it

was impossible for her to enter it from either side. She pushed him gently. 'Come on, Stan, move over so I can get in bed. I'm cold.' He moved two inches more toward his side. 'Come on, Stan, move. I can't get in.' He moved two more inches and she attempted it only to find an unseen knee blocking all entry. By this time she was damn cold and, more, she was getting angry. The anger flooded over her, and though she resisted she was helpless. She had to resist. Her anger was a quagmire. It would drag her down to frightening worlds of unreality, it would stay with her overpowering her, sapping her of self-respect, ambition, enthusiasm and even hope. 'For Christ sake, move over will you?' And she gave him a violent push.

He moved just far enough for her to be able to lie down half in half out of the covers. 'Come on, you're lying in the warm spot. It is cold here.'

Finally she was comfortable but it was too late. She was still fighting. She thought of the work she wanted to do that day. She clung desperately to her notion of getting a good day's work done. She tried to relax her muscles, to control her breathing. Perhaps it wasn't too late. She'd go back to sleep. The hell with him. Let him get up late. But the heat was giving her a headache. It was meant for him. It was his little trick. Put on the heat and go back to bed, then argue with himself about whether ten minutes more sleep was worth a headache. And it was too typical of him. Why couldn't he have moved? She would have moved. She would have turned completely over even in her sleep. 'Now just a minute. Would I? Maybe if I had wanted to cuddle I would have only moved over slightly thinking that when he got in I'd throw a leg and arm around him. Maybe if I were asleep I'd have done it the way he did

without realizing. Maybe . . . maybe . . .

She had to control herself. Then suddenly there was a leg across her and an arm and a sharp chin penetrating painfully into her shoulder and he was breathing cold and somewhat foul breath into her face. She turned her head and there were cold but gentle blue eyes looking at her.

'Come on, Stan, I don't want to cuddle. Move over will you? Or get up. He moved his leg and arm but the painful chin, the breath and the blue eyes were still there, 'Shit, Stan, move over.' His chin dropped from her shoulder and lay on the mattress in contact with it. 'Will you move over?'

'I have. For Christ sake I'm not even touching you. I just wanted to cuddle.'

She moved herself. 'Control, Control. He just wanted to cuddle. I can't get angry.' The cat jumped on the bed across his blanketed body to hers and moved up crouching, looking for her face, for the friendly morning rub of noses. She petted the cat a bit and it stretched and settled down near her stomach. She glanced over at the clock.

'For Christ sake, Stan, it's a quarter past nine and you have to be there at ten don't you?'

'A quarter to.'

'Well, then, let's get up.'

'OK, OK.' He swung his legs to the floor and sat on the edge of the bed shaking his head for a few seconds, then he got up and stumbled into the bathroom.

She followed him out of bed, put on a warm robe, and started to make breakfast. 'You won't have time to eat much, will you?'

'I'll have some prunes, cereal, toast and coffee.'

She made the coffee and put his breakfast on the table. Then she got the morning paper.

'I'll have two boiled eggs.'

'You don't have time for them this morning.'

'Don't you tell me what I can and can't do. I'll have two eggs. You just put them on and I'll eat them. Let me worry about the time.'

'OK' she said, 'But it will take time for the water to boil.'

She put the water on, covering the pot to hasten the process and started to fry her own egg. Just as the water started to boil and as she held the egg in a tablespoon about to drop it in the pot, he rushed past her and said, 'Forget about the eggs. I don't have time. I'll eat the prunes, go over to the office, pick up the papers then come back. Have you started them yet?'

'No.'

'OK.'

He picked up the paper. Glanced at it. Ate his prunes and left. She finished cooking her egg, had her breakfast and read part of the Sunday paper. She took it leisurely. There was no point in hurrying. She could have got dressed and started again on the story. But why? He'd be home before she had anything done and he would talk before, during, and after breakfast. Writing with her was partly getting into the mood of the story and staying in it. She had tried before and she'd lost. Not to him but to the anger. Lost everything — temporarily at least-while, 'Why can't he be considerate?' pounded through her head. And it would pound all day like the forerunner of a stroke.

So she waited and calmly too. Had a second cup of coffee and a third. She was in the bathroom when he returned singing.

'Hello. Where are you?'

'I'm in the bathroom.'

'OK I'm going to have breakfast. Where is the paper?'

'All of it? Where is the other one?'

'The other one got wet and I didn't take it in. The supplements are out there. You want to take the sports section from me to read meanwhile?'

'No, I'll read the supplements and wait 'til you're finished.' She came out of the bathroom a minute later.

'Where is the paper?' he yelled. 'Why didn't you bring it out?'

'I put it down on the chair in the living room.'

She poured another cup of coffee and sat down at the table to read the society section. The only part of that local paper she hadn't yet read. In desperation she even read the movie advertisements. And suddenly she came across a foreign movie. A foreign movie in this village! It didn't matter how good it was.

'Hey, look, Stan. A foreign movie. I think it's Italian. At least I think it's a foreign movie. It looks like one. Oh, Stan, a foreign movie. We'll see it, won't we?'

'Is it a western?' he asked.

'Yes, it looks like it from the picture. At least there is a picture of one man hitting another.'

'Well, we'll see. Maybe we'll go.' And he went back to his paper.

She hadn't meant that night. She was just enthused. And she couldn't take his scornful expression. 'Well, don't get in an uproar,' she said, and went back to the paper. There had been nothing hostile in her comment. She might as well have said, 'Don't give me that look,' because that was what she meant.

But he took her words differently; slowly he turned and with his full blown threatening and sarcastic debating tone said, 'I never get in an uproar.'

She lit a cigarette. Fought against the anger. Fought against the temptation to explain, to criticize. There had been too much of both. Each led into lengthy discussions in which she got lost, in which her tongue got tied, in which her head pounded and her chest almost split. Each led her through a downpour of tears, through a maze of frustration to the next lowest level of existence. She couldn't seem to climb up now, sometimes she thought never, but she wasn't going any further down.

She left the table and started into the kitchen for more coffee although she didn't want any. She had to move though, she had at least for a moment to get away from the sound of crunching rice crispies eaten with the mouth open.

She returned to the table and watched him finally finish the paper. Almost finish his cup of coffee. She thought of getting dressed, getting ready to work, but he had to change out of his uniform too and she didn't want to have to wait after being dressed to work. She knew he might, probably, would loiter, that it would make her angry. And she could not afford the anger. It was, she knew, her worst enemy. The most alert — the never tiring.

'Well, what are you going to do, love? What are your plans?'

'I'm going to finish breakfast, change clothes, read your story, and go back to the office.'

'Read my story?' she couldn't help smiling. She had wanted him to do so so desperately the night before. She wanted only a word of encouragement. She had asked him early in the evening before they went back to the office. She had asked him again when they returned from the office, but he was too tired he said to 'criticize'. Couldn't I do it in the morning? No, she didn't want him to read it now. She had to pound it out first into shape. He was likely to criticize — without thinking, about a phrase, grammar, a sentence. He was liable to say something like, 'I think you ought to write it in play form.' Just say it, that's all. He had too much of his own work to do to think how it might be made into a play. What to put where and when. Or he might laugh at the spelling — the typographical error. And if she complained that this wasn't the kind of criticism she wanted there would be that look. No, she didn't want him to read it now. If he did she might never have a story.

'That's all right. You don't have to read it.'

'But you wanted me to last night.'

'It doesn't matter anymore. I'll just do it the way I've started.'

'OK. If you don't want me to I won't. I only meant I'd finish eating, give you your option as to whether I read it or not. I meant to say that if you wanted me to I'd read it.'

Continued on page 26

Garb:

How the real half live



Linda and Martin both wear jeans most of the time. Martin as you can see uses his as a handy painting bag for his work as an artist. He buys from a variety of places Army and Navy, Simpulus Scores, Kensington Market or stalls in the Portobello Road.



Jean Kisch, who took all the photos on this page; (this one of her was taken by John Tibbott) always wears jeans to take photos in because then she doesn't get hung up by men looking at her legs or trying to peer up her skirt.



Fred Twig is 29 years old and 6'7" tall. He works as a reproduction antiques dealer and not surprisingly has difficulty finding jeans long enough. 'I always buy Lees jeans, they are the only ones that have really long legs'.

Jean Kisch and Tibbits

Despite his 48", 48", 48" figure, Bill claims to have no difficulty in finding jeans big enough to fit him. 'I buy my jeans from the outsize shop in the Edgware Road,' he said, propping himself up outside the 'Lord Percy' in Notting Hill Gate where he spends every available minute downing draught lager. 'Personally, I prefer corduroys, but any sort that allows room for expansion will do.'



While working on her china stall in the Portobello Road Edna, who is 60, normally wears levis and an anorack. She is not worried about style but insists that they must 'fit snugly'. 'Jeans are useful,' she said 'because you can wipe your hands all over them and then not worry very much about the dirt.'



Lois, a Japanese student living in Reading, bought her jeans in London and put the lace on them herself. 'I found it so cold when I first came to London that I started wearing jeans just to keep warm. Now I am never out of them, they are far easier to wear than skirts and can be either casual or smart.'



What Emily Did : continued

organised by all suffrage societies, but the Government was still unimpressed. Eventually Lord Lytton's bill was overthrown and mass violence broke out. Christabel fled to France and the other leaders were arrested. Disguises, and escapes fill this last grim and exciting period when irrepressibly the Suffragettes carried on the business of the movement underground, following directions from Paris.

At this point the Suffragettes split into 'Peths' and 'Panks'. Both for financial and moral reasons the Pethick Lawrences were not prepared to take part in such an extreme campaign, and they stood aside from the battle although continuing to give passive support. The Panks were joined by a vivacious young group fearless and quick in action. The days of amusing ruses and pageantry were over. Now all had to be prepared to take vital risks. Empty buildings were burnt, letter boxes fired, golf greens mutilated and telegraph wires cut. It was firmly stressed, however, that human life was sacred. 'Not even a dog, cat or canary must be harmed.' The rule was upheld without exception and only the Suffragettes themselves suffered.

The women were now left to starve in prison until so weak and emaciated that they were physical and mental wrecks. They were then released on licence but under a newly introduced law, named by Pethick Lawrence the 'Cat and Mouse Act', they were taken back when the license expired.

Mrs Pankhurst had been in and out of prison during the Spring of 1913. 'Let her die,' said the public at last, and in June, while daily militancy terrorised the country, the thought that one Suffragette martyr might change events persuaded Emily Wilding Davison to fling herself at the King's horse as it ran in the Derby. She was hurled across the turf, kicked by the horse's hooves, and unconscious, she died four days later. Her funeral was one of the spectacles of the century. Men and women wept and her death made a deep impression.

At this nerve racking period, the Suffragettes were endowed with amazing powers of endurance. Almost dying, Mrs Pankhurst and Annie Kenney would be smuggled to public meetings where they would whisper defiant words to the audience from an invalid chair or a stretcher. Mrs Pankhurst's bodyguard, swinging Indian clubs and led by a little jiu-jitsu teacher, would devise complicated manoeuvres to remove her from recuperating quarters under the very eye of an army of detectives.

The final Militant deputation in 1914 was one to the King. The fight was worse than that on Black Friday and afterwards, Grace Roe who had secretly been the chief organiser in London was arrested. Unconvicted women in prison were now forcibly fed and because they resisted, drugs were used to sedate them. Militancy persisted, uncontrolled, and at this moment of extreme crisis, world war broke out.

The Suffragettes declared an immediate truce, prisoners were released, and Mrs Pankhurst made her followers see that they must defend the country. The Leaders had tried to make clear throughout the movement that theirs was a fight for the progress of humanity. Speaking at his trial of the Suffragette struggle Pethick Lawrence said: 'This is a battle for the good of the people of this country and it is because men have stood in the battle that a sex war has been prevented.'

It was not surprising that the vote was given to women without any fuss in 1918, and now that women were enfranchised, Mrs Pankhurst was all for the co-operation of the sexes. She felt that if women used their votes wisely, their contribution to life would be a very important one. However, the dislocation of society by war made for estrangement and complicated relationships between the sexes. Since 1918 the pendulum of sex equality has swung violently in many directions, but the Suffragettes did undoubtedly shorten the swinging distance.

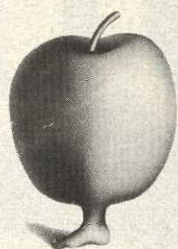
Antonia Raeburn is writing a book 'The Militant Suffragettes' to be published by Michael Joseph. First British Serial rights, ©1972 Antonia Raeburn.

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The First Cow on Chiswick High Road

by Caroline Charlton

In the Spring of 1971 some of the members of the Chiswick's women's liberation group became tired of just talking about the causes of women's oppression. So they formed another group which they called Women's Aid setting out to assert women in need of active help. Very soon they realised that their problems weren't the direct result of male oppression but due to the shortcomings of our society.

Caroline Charlton of Women's Aid talks about their activities and of some of the problems that they have had to deal with.

Just after 'Decimal Day' in March 1971 when the prices in the supermarkets were rocketing, we undertook our first campaign — Pricewar. On a Friday morning a member of the group visited each of the six main supermarkets in Chiswick High Road making a note of the prices of basic foods like eggs, butter, cheese, bacon and sugar. On Saturday morning the name of each supermarket and the comparative prices were chalked up on a blackboard which was carried up and down the High Street. The blackboard stopped outside each supermarket so that the staff could see what was going on. Most of the shoppers supported us but the supermarket managers were, not surprisingly, hostile. Some wrote to the local papers, and others threatened to take us on personally.

During the summer holidays last year the notorious School Milk Bill was passed so that when our kids returned to school they no longer got their daily 1/3 pint. This caused so much anger among local mothers that we decided to organise a protest march through Chiswick. We leafleted information about the march to the local schools saying that a letter of protest would be handed to the town councillors.

Every child has to take a medical examination

Knowing how reluctant people are to take part in public demonstrations, we did not expect a great turn out for the march, but on the day more than 500 mothers and children, and some fathers, came out to march. The march was led by the first cow that Chiswick High Road has seen for years, and followed by a Co-op milk float with 200 free samples of milk donated by the Milk Marketing Board. At Turnham Green we were met by a group of about 30 Labour Councillors who accepted our letter of protest and joined us in drinking the Co-op milk. They promised to try to find a way round the legislation which would enable them to continue to provide milk for our children.

Unfortunately, the best they have been able to do is to invite all parents in the Borough of Hounslow to apply for milk on health grounds, which means that every child whose

parents apply for free milk has to take a medical examination. Of course the kids don't like to be made conspicuous so they tell their parents they don't want them to apply for the free milk...

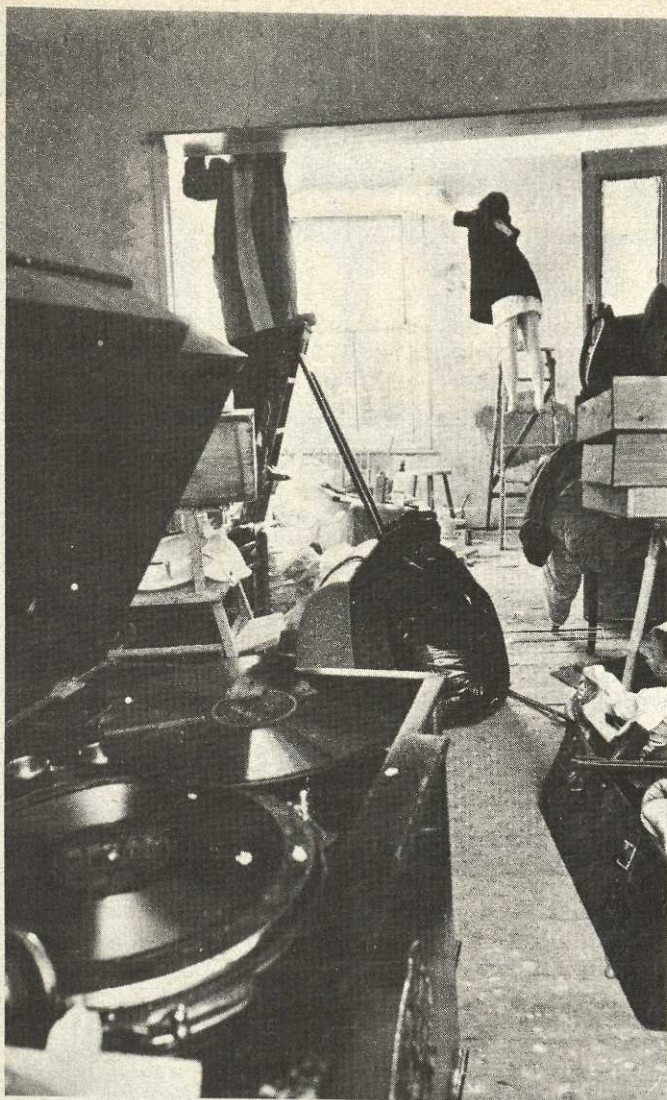
An industrial accident left him 'like a vegetable'

The best result of the Milk March was the amount of solid support it got us from the mothers of Chiswick, and the numbers who actually came to join the group. Most of the women who came to join did so because they had personal problems and they wanted help. There was one woman, Jane, actually in hospital when a friend asked a member of Women's Aid to come and see her. The hospital regarded her as a hopeless drug addict; she would come in, drugged up to the eyeballs, but when they had dried her out she would go out and buy more pills only to become the same way again. When we asked her about her home life we weren't surprised she had to have a means of escape... ten years before, her husband had been in an industrial accident which left him paralysed and 'like a vegetable'. He spent seven years in hospital and Jane had to bring up her five children on her own. After being discharged 'able to work again', he found it difficult to find a job and was uncontrollably violent towards Jane, frequently knocking her about. As a result of her friendship with the other members of Women's Aid, Jane found the courage to stand up to him when he started beating her, but he was bigger... One night their youngest son (now aged 19) was at home when Jim started hitting Jane, and he stabbed his father with a breadknife. Jim was taken to hospital, the son to prison, and Jane also to hospital. We tried to get the hospital authorities to take photographs of her bruises for evidence, but they wouldn't. Apparently a man is within his legal rights when he beats his wife. If he beats his child, you can call the NSPCC, if he beats his dog, you call the RSPCA, but there is no society for the protection of wives.

While we were meeting in each other's houses, women with problems like Jane's caused some difficulty. The sight of strange grown-ups in tears and distress was, some of us felt, disturbing to our children. A community house seemed to be

Below: some members of the Chiswick group on a day trip to France to compare the prices of household goods and groceries. They found that the weekly shopping bill of a French housewife is 1½ times more than that of her English equivalent. Below left: some of the members of Women's Aid who established the centre.





Renovation of the house took many long months and a lot of hard work.

the answer. We approached the council who gave us permission to use an empty building, so in October we set out to tramp the streets of Chiswick until we found something suitable. The house we found was on the edge of an area scheduled for redevelopment, not too far from the High Road, next to a taxi firm who were pleased to see us and offered their services free for 'errands of mercy' and opposite Turnham Green Bus Garage so that there would be people around nearly 24 hours of the day. The council agreed to grant us the use of it for the annual rent of one *peppercorn*. We knocked the two downstairs rooms into one for use as a kids playroom. Upstairs we made an office and a sitting room where we have meetings or just sit and relax.

The centre is open to any woman who likes to come in; there is no formal membership or fee because so many are on social security and we don't want to create divisions between those who can afford to pay and those who can't. All that is asked of anyone who wants to use the centre is that she be prepared to help out in whatever way she feels able. So we avoid dividing ourselves into helpers and helped and are all acquiring knowledge and confidence.

Stealing food to feed his wife and child

Very often women who come in because they feel they cannot cope with their own problems soon find themselves becoming involved in those of other people. For example, Susan lives in the condemned houses (officially known as 'council Part 3' or 'Welfare' accommodation) at the back. She has one child and is seven months pregnant. Her husband is in prison. He was sentenced to six months for stealing food to feed his wife and child. When he was taken away Susan and her daughter were put in a hostel for homeless mothers and their children. Later they were moved to a room in the house at the back of the centre, which stinks of damp, has defective electrical wiring and meter, and rats. On looking at the place

(for which Susan pays £2 a week rent) we were astonished that any so-called authority could expect people to live there. We at once telephoned the Electricity Board who eventually replaced the meter, and the council, who said the droppings were from mice and nothing to worry about. They must be very big mice! We also contacted the Housing Department to find out Susan's chance of getting decent council accommodation but they said they didn't know anything about her, she wasn't on the list. When we followed this up, they told us that she'd been dropped from the list because she hadn't notified them of her change of address (when she left the hostel)! Susan said her social worker had undertaken to notify the council of the change of address; the social worker said she'd sent the appropriate form to the Housing Department; the Housing Department sent somebody round to Susan with a duplicate form to fill in, saying 'it seems the first form went astray'. Susan said 'the heck it did, I've never seen one of these before.' This was three months ago, and last week we rang the council again asking when Susan was going to get proper accommodation. They said 'We can't do anything until her husband comes out of prison' and we said 'but her baby's due before that, she can't live in that room with a new baby'... meanwhile Susan has started a self help group for prisoner's wives.

She was secret drinker

When we first opened the house, in November 1971, we expected to have to put people up overnight occasionally, but even before we'd finished decorating Jane was spending nights there for fear of her husband who was due to come out of hospital. She was so heavily drugged she hardly knew what she was doing. Then a lady turned up (and she really was, a most respectable lady) who was homeless through no fault of her own because she'd been sick for a long time with a mysterious disease and her sickness benefit Giro has got lost in the post and she'd been thrown out of her bedsitter. So we welcomed her to stay and look after Jane. Shortly Jane became reconciled to her husband; it seems she'll never leave him although he beats her, and two of her older children who are married have offered her a home. Eventually she was found a room and a job looking after somebody's children while their mother went abroad. A few days later she was found dead drunk in the kitchen and the terrible truth came out, that she was a secret drinker, so secret that she wouldn't admit it even to herself. She was taken to hospital and after being discharged was too ashamed to come back to us until recently when she tried to touch one of us for £10.

Although we are amateurs, there is no end to what we can do

We have now approached the local council to find out if they would be willing to release more derelict houses which we could renovate and use as temporary accommodation for the worst housing cases in the Borough. We are being supported in this by the Family Squatting Advisory Service and a group has now been set up in Chiswick which will undertake to organise a properly run legal squatting scheme such as already exists in 14 other London Boroughs. In a 'proper' scheme, the houses are secured and agreements drawn up with the council so that families who are in particularly bad housing conditions and on the council waiting list can be moved for a period of two to three years. The idea is that these families become part of the squatting organisation, and run it themselves. They co-operate with each other in the repairing and decorating of the houses. The rent which is determined by agreement with the council is paid into the organisation; part of it goes in rates to the council and the remainder is used by the organisation to extend and develop its work.

Although we are mainly amateurs, it seems that there is no end to what we may do with a little support. The Borough of Hammersmith have offered us another house to run on the same lines as our present one, but we haven't the people to take it on. Women's groups from other parts of England have visited us and are keen to start their own projects. We need more people, we need more money, we need more time, but those of us who have become part of Women's Aid have found it's changed our lives for the better, given us new friends (real friends) and woken us up to what ordinary women can do to help each other. □

Sunday Morning: continued

He had misunderstood the smile and he was testy. 'No, it's alright. I'll just do it the way I started to.'

He went back to his coffee and the paper. He was rereading. But she felt it was safe now to get dressed. He was going to change and then he was going to work.

She stood over the floor furnace getting into the same things she had taken off the night before. And then he asked, 'Hey, where is that new *Observer*?' He found it and settled down to read over more coffee. She was dressed now and felt vaguely trapped.

He was in the midst of his second *Observer* article. She calmly, timidly, softly broached the topic again. 'Well, what are you going to do?' If you just want to read the *Observer* and then you are going back to work anyway, couldn't you read that?' He looked up sarcastic and bitter again. 'Do you think that it would be too terribly exacting a thing if I sat here for a few minutes and finished this article and my coffee?'

The sand was getting quick now and she tried, oh she tried to be calm. 'No.' She said it, and meant it, and left the table. He had a right to read. Good God, he had a right to sit at his own table. And yet it was afternoon, he still had to change clothes. He'll leave when he finishes the article she said to herself. I won't get angry. She walked to her study and glanced at the half-filled page in the typewriter. She spent quite sometime thinking about how she would fill the rest of that page. And then came his voice and she heard him moving.

'Where are the rest of these *Observers*? I want to keep them all in one spot. We are missing one.' He was straightening the magazines. God, God, he was cataloguing them. Searching the house for missing copies. Now. He was doing it now.

It was too much for her. She felt heat diffuse upward through her body. Something was caught in her throat and her eyes watered. She answered his questions one by one. The hope of work was leaving her and yet she fought desperately for hope, for calm. She picked up a book and started to read. It was difficult but she had to read and stay calm. He had his rights. It was her and the anger. She had to stay calm.

She finished one short story. She started another and he came storming belligerently by. He was angry and he had that slightly wild, slightly mad look about him. 'Alright. Alright. I'll go. I'll go. You don't have to kick me out of my own house.'

She put down her book. She tried, and successfully, to fight the tears. She spoke in a low and even voice. 'I'm not throwing you out, Stan; I only asked if you could please read at the office since you are going there anyway. If you want to stay home and read I wish you'd say so and I'll make my plans accordingly.'

'Shit! You're really it. You throw me out during the day but let it get dark and you blow your top if I'm not home.'

'Now wait a minute, Stan. I admit I have a lot of very difficult idiosyncrasies. I'm afraid of the dark and I don't like to stay alone once it is dark. But I haven't made you stay home. I've gone back over to that office with you every night and you know it. And about throwing you out during the day, I'd be happy for you to stay if you were going to talk to me, if we were both going to stay home and read. But you just want to stay while you read and then leave me to go back to the base. Well, this is where I work. This is my office, and it just so happens I can't work with you here.'

'Oh, for Christ sake I was so quiet you couldn't even hear me.'

'I knew you'd get up and change clothes and start talking to me.'

'God damn it, you're always criticizing me and telling me to change. It doesn't bother me to have you around when I work. Why the hell don't you try to change a little bit? I've got a right to have a leisurely breakfast and read the paper in my own home on Sunday, haven't I?'

'Yes, you have that right. And I am trying to change.'

'How?'

'I'm trying to work again and I'm trying to stay calm.'

'Ya?' He'd been changing his clothes while walking from the bedroom to the doorway of the study. Now he disappeared into the bedroom and said nothing more.

She picked up her book again but couldn't read. She kept

thinking things like, 'He can work with me around. But if he couldn't I'd leave him alone.'

Every day people come down to ask his advice. And he talks to people. God, he talks to people while I sit in this house alone day after day. If I don't write I'll go crazy. And when he is home, does he talk to me? That isn't fair — of course, he does. Oh, Christ, maybe I'm already crazy. But he doesn't talk, he lectures.'

He rushed past from the bedroom to the living room. 'Well, I'm going to have another cup of coffee and go. That ought to make you happy.'

'I don't care whether you go or stay.'

'You're crazy. You don't care, only a minute ago you couldn't wait 'til I left.'

'I don't care,' she said, and silently added 'now'. And she thought of all the times he had stayed just long enough to kill that delicate spark of enthusiasm, of confidence, and then he'd get up, say, 'Well, I'm going,' and give her a casual peck on the nose.

She tried to read. It was no longer a matter of staying calm enough to write. It has become a matter of not going blind mad. Of being able to distinguish the real from the unreal. Of being able to remain or become sane.

She could hear him moving about. He slapped his coffee cup down, slapped the magazines down, slapped the coffee pot down. And he was staying, staying, staying. He was only doing it to be perverse now. He would do just the opposite of what she wanted him to do. He'd leave because he wanted to work, but he was waiting now. Waiting for the fight, for the tears. Waiting for her to humiliate herself again, to apologize for having to work in solitude, to tell him all over again about the thin wall her writing created between health and madness. To tell him that he was healthy, intelligent, well-trained and successful. To tell him that she was perhaps none of those, that he was her focal point of contact with reality. He had to understand — to be considerate. And she didn't blame him. It was circumstance.

He was waiting. But she was going to wait too. There will be no fight today she kept saying to herself.

She closed the door to her study and picked up the book again. But once the door was closed the fear became overwhelming. Her heart pounded in her head. She couldn't think at all. She remembered the times he had swung open doors, stood before her, his fists clenched at his sides, his body stiff. He would gnash his teeth and have that mad look in his eyes. He'd take a step or two toward her, his body moving in rigid tremors, and he would either threaten physical damage or just scream with his whole trembling body. A terrific, horrendous, ghastly, unnatural scream.

She tiptoed to the door. Opened it with a trembling hand and hoped against hope he had never noticed it's being shut. Then she went to the bathroom. She heard him put down his magazine and he walked into the bathroom. 'I'm going now,' he said and kissed her on the nose as she sat on the stool. He walked out of the house and left before she had said a word or even moved.

When he was gone it became even worse. She glanced at the unfinished portion of her story in the type-writer. She realised it was hopeless and walked to the cupboard for the sherry. And suddenly it became he, he who was standing in her way, making her ill. She went over all the old arguments. Over and over. He said that when he got angry it was because she was making demands on him and his time but that she got angry when he wasn't demanding anything of her at all. And she thought about the time she had asked to be allowed — asked to be allowed — to go home for a week. And she remembered his anger and his answer. If she did she need never come back. Yet going home for a week was placing no demands on him or his time. He didn't have to go with her. But she couldn't stand the loneliness any more. He worked always and forever and she had to talk to someone.

And so she drank and brooded and the sherry turned to whisky. But the truth could do no more than fade in and out. She kept trying to see things from his point of view as he had long since pronounced her sick, dependant, paranoid. □

Sunday Morning is reprinted, in a somewhat altered form, from 'No More Fun and Games' an American Liberation Journal.

What's Up Kads

Louise Lanceley, 12

Please send in any reviews or ideas you have about books, TV, cinemas, or the theatre. We'll pay £1 for each one published and would be happy to include any illustrations or drawings with the reviews.

'A decider' is a good name for a gun
by Oliver Hutton — 10



Two views about Gale Is Dead:

A Man Alive film directed by Jenny Barraclough. BBC2 26 April (repeat)

A very sad moving film. I don't think anyone could see this without feeling very sorry for her and the way in which she was treated by some of the schools. A very sad girl. I don't think I can mention her mother. It was not nice putting Gale into the first Home at the very start. Gale, the drug addict, who was fated to die in an old derelict house: poisoned because she thought no one loved her and thought life was not worth living: roaming the streets of London begging for money: sleeping in an horrid lavatory with hardly any space at all. Do you think that's a life worth living? I don't. I think it is a film worth seeing because it is sad, not in the normal way, and you share the sadness with her.

Jeremy Godwin — 10

One of the most moving films I have ever seen is *Gale is Dead*. It is about the life of a girl who died at 19 from drugs. At six months old she was sent to an orphanage by her mother, who couldn't cope, from there she was sent to series of special schools, but either they couldn't cope or they found she was damaging the children mentally. Then she was sent to Borstal and then to prison. When she came out she started taking drugs which she had been given by her friends from prison. One day she took an over-dose of barbiturates and died; she was found in an

The Battle of Hastings
by David Allen — 5



old derelict house where she had been staying with her friends. I think the main reasons she died was she was kept moving around and never had a permanent home and so no one every really cared for her. I think it was especially sad as she was very intelligent and if she had been brought up properly she would have done very well in life. I think the only person directly to blame was her mother who never really cared what happened to her and to an extent I think the law should have taken more care. I think on the whole it was a very good idea showing the film to the public as I'm sure that it made a very big impression on a lot of people as it did on me.

Nicholas Godwin — 11

Around the World in Eighty Days: John Burningham. Jonathan Cape: £1 95

I have read many of John Burningham's books and therefore it came as no surprise that it was so good. The story was about a man called Phileas Fogg who tried to get around the world in eighty days. There are pictures that show the countries he went to. I would recommend you get it, because the pictures are so interesting.

Rebecca Swift — 8

A Snake in the Old Hut: Sylvia Sherry. Jonathan Cape: £1 10

This book is thoroughly enjoyable. What I like about it is that it gets rights into the story at the beginning which is the trek of cunning Uncle Joshua and Mungo. Another thing I like was how Sylvia Sherry describes Uncle Joshua and the scenery, especially the forest. I couldn't help liking Uncle Joshua although he wasn't a pleasant character. I think the name 'decider' is very good for a gun. The title *A Snake in the Old Hut* is excellent because Joshua was a snake and the Hut was the jungle.

Oliver Hutton — 10

Medical

The happy-go-lucky abortionist

'I know what abortion is. Abortion is the killing of unborn children...tearing them limb from limb,' said an eight-year-old Liverpool schoolgirl. Her brother pulled a grubby, crumpled photo of a sixteen-week-old foetus from his pocket to show me. He'd been given it at school. Meanwhile a gynaecologist was telling the crowd gathered at Liverpool's Pier Head how, before he had been able to dispose of an aborted foetus it had 'cried ladies and gentlemen, yes cried.' Horrified murmurs from the 40,000 who had gathered in Liverpool on that blustery Sunday afternoon to have their prejudices against the Abortion Act reinforced.

With this kind of sensationalism surrounding the whole question of abortion, it is strangely disconcerting to find the new Liverpool branch of the British Pregnancy Advisory Service run by Kay Day functioning with such quiet efficiency.

In the two short months since it opened, the Merseyside Service has built up a weekly turnover of more than 60 patients.

'It's £10 for the consultation — that pays for the doctor's examination, lab tests and counsellor's fees,' the receptionist explains into the phone. 'The operation will cost you £50 ... You can discuss that with the counsellor when you come. If there's any financial embarrassment we do have a loan scheme ...

The receptionist, the nurse and I begin chatting about the abortion rally. 'Oh yes, you can get a cry from a foetus, ... not at twelve weeks, but beyond sixteen I would think,' says the nurse.

At last Kay Day can see me. We go into her office. She looks at me brightly — something between a young aunt and a games mistress — and launches into facts. 'Where do our patients come from? 99% of them are referred to us by GPs who can't fix National Health operations for them. The organisation is very well run. We've got eight doctors working for us here — two counsellors, the nurse and the receptionist. The girl sees a counsellor first to discuss the

reasons for termination. Then she'll see the doctor. We do like her to see her own GP, but some girls don't want to go to the family doctor for various reasons. That's all right. We can get two of the doctors here to sign the form.

It's all very simple, very smooth. We had a girl ring up on Wednesday and she's already booked in the clinic for Saturday. I interrupt to ask whether girls ever want to discuss the abortion with her. 'What does the operation actually mean to them?' She looks taken aback. 'Well ... I don't think girls who come in are thinking of a baby. They simply haven't had their period and they want to get back to normal as quickly as possible.' I probed some more. How were the girls emotionally affected by the operation? How about those with money problems, family difficulties, religious doubts?

Kay seems at a bit of a loss. Few girls do have any difficulty producing the £50 it seems. They do pour out problems, yes.

asking girls why they had sexual intercourse, that kind of thing. I'm happy-go-lucky myself and I think that's a good way to be in this job. You can't get too involved.'



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The right to choose

Last year 48,000 unmarried women obtained legal abortions in this country. The reduction in the number of illegitimate births is estimated at 15,800, and the reduction in the number of illegal abortions at 17,000, in the same year. Over 30,000 women who were able to choose for themselves.

The Birth Control Campaign reports that an annual total of 150,000 live births result from unwanted pregnancies. A nation-wide scheme for family planning on the NHS could save the country £300 million by avoiding these. A comprehensive five-year plan could be introduced at a cost to the government of £5 million for

the first year rising to £20 million in the fifth year.

Cancer toll

Speaking at a British Medical Association conference in Nicosia, Professor Harold Ellis, a leading British cancer surgeon, told delegates that virtually no progress had been made in the treatment of breast cancer during the past 30 years. He added that the world death toll from cancer in women was in the region of 400 per million. There was no evidence, however, that the Pill produced cancer, he said.

Tight tights

A survey by the Institute of Chiropractors has revealed that tights can cause backache, foot deformities and itching if they are too tight. The Institute condemned 'so-called one-size tights' as the chief offender.

So what's wrong with the female touch?

In the British National Health Service, fewer than one doctor in seven is a woman. Yet 75 per cent of all Russian doctors are women, and Russian medicine appears to be thriving.

The Soviet News Agency Novosti says that this female majority is understandable — after all, they explain, medicine is a subject which is likely to appeal to women, and both general practice and industrial medicine are careers which are easily combined with family responsibilities.

In fact, there is probably no other profession with so much to offer to a girl who plans to marry and bring up children. She can be sure that her skills will always be needed, she can arrange to work from home if she chooses, and she can look forward to a regular and consistently high salary. The earnings of GPs vary according to the number of patients on their list, but a good average is £7000 a year for an established doctor in full-time general practice work.

Is it, then, that girls simply don't want to undertake the lengthy training involved in a medical career?

No, it isn't. A young tutor in medicine at a redbrick university was horrified to notice this year that, for every boy with suitable qualifications who applied, there were no fewer than 40 properly qualified girls. This is despite the fact that medicine is not traditionally recommended by schools as a desirable career for a girl. There is a feeling that the training is too long and may interfere with 'getting married', in addition to the underlying belief that, where parents have to spend money on expensive equipment and training, they would much prefer to do it for a son.

It appears that many women want to become doctors, but do not, in practice, achieve their aim. Inquiries among the London medical schools reveal at least part of the reason for this — the quota system. The medical school of St Mary's

hospital, Paddington, explained that of their 450 students, only 20 per cent could be female. Puzzlement again. 'Well, we have to take 15 per cent', they explained, (as if they needed to justify taking women at all). 'It's laid down in the charter, you see, as a minimum. In practice, our policy is to take about 20 to 25 per cent.'

St Thomas's announced with pride that their 15 to 20 per cent quota appeared in their prospectus.

Full marks for honesty, at least. They didn't know why the quota existed — 'Isn't it something to do with London University?'

It is not really the fault of the Redbrick tutors if they find that they have to boost the number of acceptable boys artificially in order to avoid a heavy overloading of girls. It seems likely that the London colleges persist with their policy in order to ensure large numbers of rugby-playing young men who can be relied upon to maintain the old sporting traditions of these establishments.

Not only men, but women too, are often heard to remark that they would prefer to see a male doctor. If you suffer from this prejudice, it may be difficult to overcome. But try, for as things are at present women have to be much better than men if they are actually going to end up with that MD. The odds are that you will find your woman doctor pretty competent.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

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APPRELIM (S.R.)

REDDITCH WORCESTERSHIRE

the aftermath of the Bosom Boom

by Angela Phillips

Why are most women so worried about the size and shape of their breasts? Most of them can hardly mention the word without feeling uncomfortable and practically nobody feels that their breasts are as they should be.

There seem to be several things that contribute to this state of affairs but perhaps the most important one is the 1950's bosom boom. Most of my contemporaries now in their twenties were going through a very impressionable adolescent stage when Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors and Sabrina hit the

scene. Tight jerseys and pointed bras were all the rage and women were described by their vital statistics: the top one being the most vital. To adolescents at the dawn of maturity it seemed that this image was what they should aspire to and they viewed their own tiny growths with a certain amount of despondency. Adolescent boys would be influenced by pictures of busty women and so express lustful interest in any girls who started to develop early.

This attitude should have given an unfair advantage to all those girls who were well-endowed and approximated to the ideal but unfortunately it didn't. Again, several reasons became immediately apparent. First of all, an 11 year old girl suddenly starting to develop becomes the immediate object of unmerciful teasing by the other female members of her peer group. This I can certainly testify to. I was given a nickname which I still cannot repeat without feeling the horror of the swimming pool changing room — having to change as quickly as possible so as to be exposed for the least possible time. This teasing was partly out of jealousy and partly out of natural childish cruelty. They knew I felt sensitive and made me feel constantly conscious of my body.

The other side of the question was the attitude of boys, already brainwashed into thinking that women should be certain shape. (One man I know thought the first girl he slept with was deformed because her breasts didn't remain in upright mounds when she lay down.)

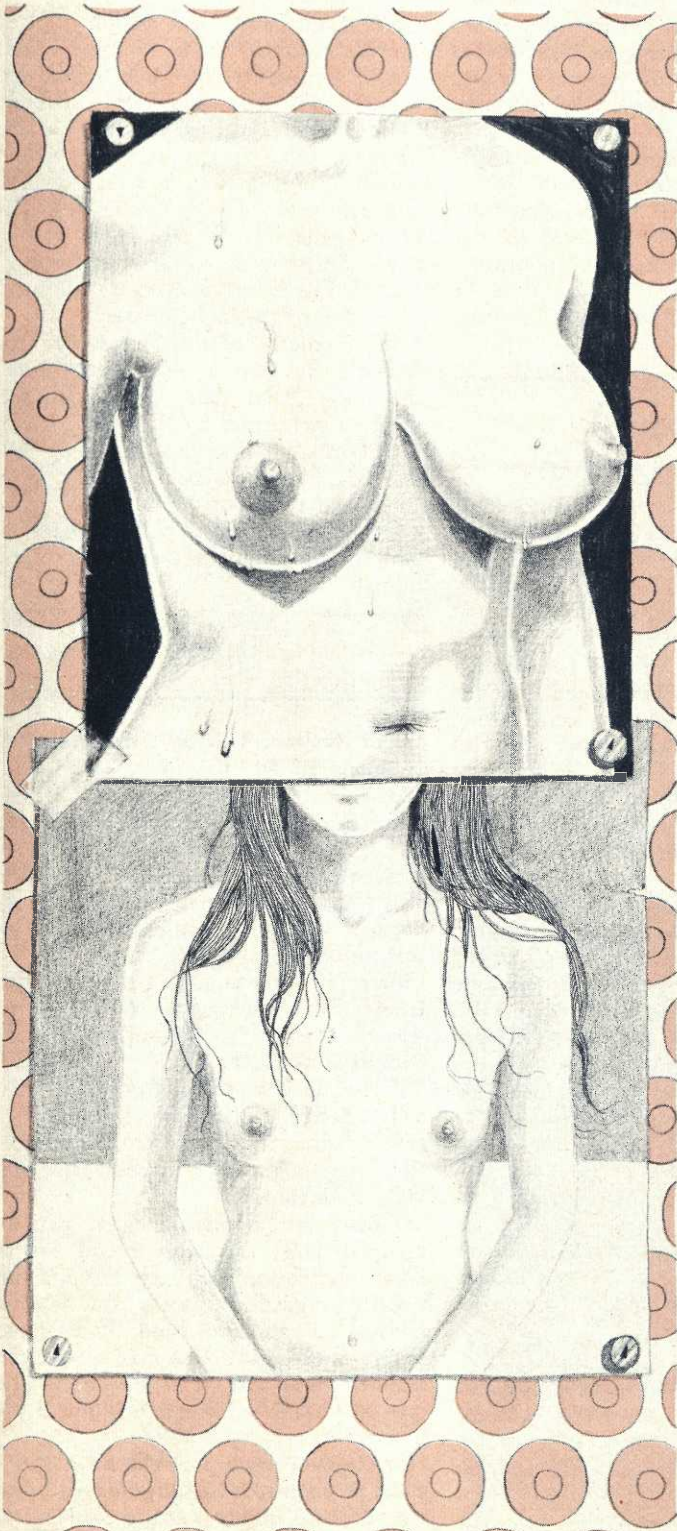
They had two general attitudes. Their 'steady' relationships tended to be with girls who looked anatomically as much like them as possible. These relationships were friendly and fairly uncomplicated allowing plenty of room for experiment.

The more developed girls became objects of lust, usually from older boys who tended to pick them up and drop them at will. They very often didn't have the advantage of early friendly experiments because the gentler boys were frightened of them. The result of this treatment was that many of them learned either to use their assets as some kind of carrot luring men into relationships, trying to find those easy friendships that their flatter friends had. The other large bosomed girls either became frightened of men and appeared bitchy and bad tempered or oscillated between the two attitudes, flaunting their bodies, knowing that this would at least make people notice them. Unfortunately, this attention is indiscriminate and usually the sort of men who are attracted to such a display are not looking for friendly companionship. The well developed girl becomes either so embarrassed by her burden that she walks with a hunch and glowers at people, or she jumps from relationship to relationship using her body, because she's never learned how else to attract men and is usually searching (desperately) for a permanent secure relationship.

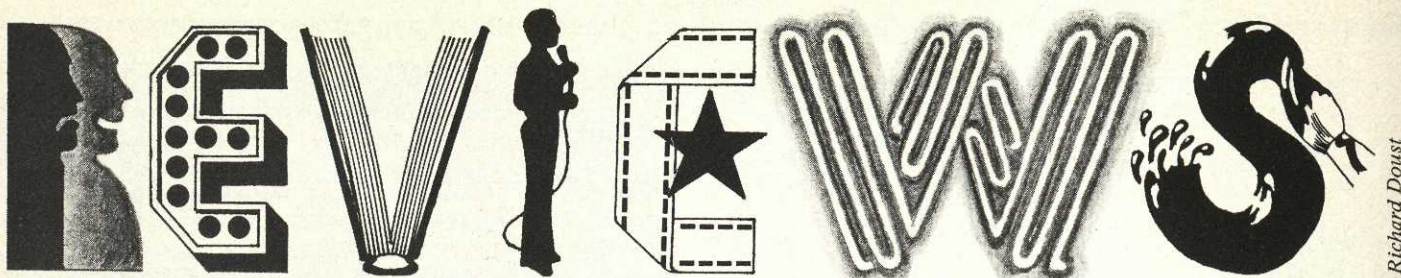
The present fashions have not improved her lot. Having been fed on pictures of bosomy women when she was too young to copy the style now that she is grown up fashion has gone into reverse and she is still out on a limb, trying to squeeze herself into Biba dresses and skinny skirts. Fashion — the female world — has rejected her, she never looks quite right and in looking different her shape is emphasised. Plump thighs, revealed under miniskirts, shirt buttons popping undone. Skirts skin tight across the hips and too big round the waist. The fashion pics constantly reiterate the need to be skinny and flat.

Does this mean that the slim, smaller bosomed girl is now on top? Oh no, they are caught in the double bind. They had the same early conditioning as the other girls and somewhere deep in their minds is the knowledge that a woman should have big breasts. It's all very well to look like Twiggy and wear fashionable clothes but really men prefer well-covered girls. This opinion is reinforced by all the men who do think that. (Don't forget they had that early conditioning too.) So the slim girl still feels inadequate and looks with a mixture of jealousy and anger at the pictures outside blue movie houses and in the centre pages of *Playboy*, thinking bitterly that really those women are much better off than they are.

There is no such thing as the ideal woman. A few more women should start to compare notes. Instead of feeling inadequate and playing into the hands of the advertisers who promise to improve us, we should start to expose the myth for what it is and declare ourselves to be beautiful.



Robert Macaulay



Richard Doust

Cosmopolitan by Richard Neville

Cosmopolitan is a promise swathed in fantasy built upon a lie. When it claims to Reveal All, as with Germaine Greer's husband, it reveals nothing. When Jilly Cooper tells 'What Makes These (Famous) Men Fantastic Lovers', it turns out she hasn't tested the products. The magazine's idea of a daring personality is Sarah Miles, who, when she wants to piss, says she needs to wee-wee (her brazen substitute for 'I'm going to make a phone call').

Cosmo girls are allowed bees in their bonnets but no stings in their tails. A woman who admits to seducing one associate of her husband is terrified of 'compulsive promiscuity' and writes for advice. The answer: 'Why not have a torrid affair with your husband?'

In terms of readership IQ Cosmopolitan's aims are modest, but it still manages to be both patronising and ignorant. For all its breathless sixties brashness. Cosmo girls inherit a curiously dated world where everyone's underarms are like egg-shells, men have no navels, the fabbest twosome in town is Burton and Taylor ('Ten Years since Scandal Time'), the hippest dope is champagne and women talk like mildly updated heroines of *Girls Own* mag: 'I'm turned on by seeing a man totally absorbed in what he's doing — driving a car, studying, reading — so that I'm superfluous to him and he attains a kind of heroic stature'.

Since it pirates voraciously from U.S. backnumbers, a certain staleness of content is to be expected and its formula design approach apes the early issues of *Playboy*, the first to profit from reprinting identical covers.

Cosmopolitan is to Women's Liberation what Little Black Sambo is the Black Panthers. Its staff feel part of the Movement by electing to co-edit the token Women's Punch, while unconsciously echoing David Reuben's crackpot thesis that: 'from the instant of conception onward, the primary thrust of every woman's being is to be fertilised, to conceive and reproduce. . .'

Which is where men come in and Cosmo comes on, insulting its own sex by marketing servile, deluded and damaging fantasy, devoting most of its energies to Turning Him On In Bed or chronicling What 40 Catchable Bachelors Want in a Wife or Studying 23 Ways to Kiss a Man

so that He's Yours for Life or advising readers to trap divorced men by 'accentuating resemblance' with his former wife.

Even within its own terms, the magazine is methodically trite. Focusing on an Indian immigrant is passable journalism, but Cosmopolitan's most important deduction is that 'Being in London has wrought destruction on Ranjini's beauty routines', while the subject of racism is unmentioned.

All in all, Cosmopolitan is a gross contradiction of Wittgenstein's advice along the lines of: When you have nothing to say, it is wiser not to give evidence of it by opening your mouth.

The best news about the magazine is the number of unsold copies of No 3 at your local newsagent.

Movies

There's a great bit in *The Ruling Class* when one woman turns to her companion and says, 'I wonder what it'll be like, marrying a man who believes he's God?' to which the other woman replies 'Pretty much like marrying any other man, I suppose.' The story of this film, which was our Cannes Film Festival entry and is based on the play of the same name, centres round a mad earl (Peter O'Toole) who comes into the family fortune at a time when he believes he is Jesus Christ, takes naps on a crucifix, prays to himself, wanders about muttering about love and wants to marry the Lady Of The Camellias (Carolyn Seymour). The efforts of a psychiatrist called in by his family eventually 'cure' him. For the purposes of society he is sane — only every time he embarks on a sexual encounter a brand new Jack the Ripper delusion takes over and he stabs first his aunt (Coral Browne) and then his wife. The film is a bit glossy and star-studded to evoke the doomy doubts about the line dividing sanity and madness that the playwright intended, and Peter O'Toole is much more convincing as the sadistic sane earl than the gentle mad one, but it's well worth seeing. A sight of Coral Browne's Ossie Clark wardrobe alone is worth the ticket money.

Quiet Days in Clichy, a Danish film of Henry Miller's book of his erotic progress as a young unknown writer in Paris, doesn't have a certificate and will be playing at the ICA cinema every Friday night through June, July and August for New Cinema Club members. It will also be playing at various British Film Insti-

tute theatres outside London during the summer. The censor's rule of thumb, or whatever he uses, seems to be that it's all right to show sexual intercourse on screen as long as nobody looks like they're enjoying it. There's lots of fucking in *Quiet Days*, and most people look like they're enjoying it, in fact the cheerful coarse sensuality of Miller's writing is reproduced well and with affection. Miller is often accused of being a woman-hater, which I feel isn't strictly true. He would doubtless have said that he adored women, only defining a woman in terms of a small area of insensitive muscular tissue found in the lower pelvic region. In fact he'd never met a woman — defined as a member of the human race.

The cruelty of this attitude is reproduced as lovingly as the literary style of the book, particularly in the last scene where a girl, upset by the memory of her dead husband which was raised by Miller and his friend, refuses to make it with them and runs out of the room in tears. They laugh, unable to recognise a human emotion in something they don't consider human.

Books

David Reuben MD: *Any Woman Can!* W. H. Allen, £2.50.

Recipes for mutual orgasm — eight minutes of actual intercourse or seventy-five to eighty pelvic thrusts — are bound to turn almost any book into a best-seller.

Dr Reuben's recently-published *Any Woman Can!* is box office stuff alright. But remember his last book? The Gay Liberation movement pasted warning labels onto the covers of *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex — But Were Afraid To Ask*.

This time it will probably be Women's Liberation that elects to bell the cat. And this in spite of a long list of discriminations that might have come straight out a W.L. manifesto.

Gamely he attacks unequal pay and unequal jobs, castigates Freud for the false distinction between clitoral and vaginal orgasms, praises the vacuum method of abortion, and offers handy hints on how to check a man's vasectomy scars to make sure he is not pulling a fast one on you. The list is a long one. Bravo, Doctor.

Dr Reuben champions the birthright of every woman to be a fully fledged female and thus fulfil her destiny and enjoy a lifetime of orgasms. No more guilt about

sex, and no more myths perpetrated by men concerning women's sexuality.

Any woman can, so Dr Reuben has special things to say to each of the five different sorts of women in the world — widows, spinsters, mistresses, divorcees and wives. He is quite obviously unable to recognise a woman unless she is defined by her sexuality or her marital status.

Women, of course, are the superior sex because they have more hormones, more complex genitalia, more orgasms and the ability to give birth. The catch is the 'chemical influence of sex hormones' which 'is what makes the brain and the thoughts of a woman profoundly different from those of a man. Every moment of every day every cell of a woman's brain is bathed in sex hormones...'

There are other hazards, such as venereal disease, rape, and obscene telephone calls, so why not withdraw from the rude world into the relative safety of matrimony — where you can presumably enjoy your newly-won orgasms in peace. Anyway, five million Americans get married every year, so there must be something to it.

First he introduces the reader to a new form of consumer shopping called how to pick and trap your man, and then advises on how to achieve orgasm. There are eight tips on how to spot a potential alcoholic; practical advice on avoiding men with tight pants, shaven heads, homosexuals, 'Bottomless Pit' men; and a sprinkling of pseudo-scientific techniques such as 'prime selection' and 'preliminary screening processes'.

Finally he lets you into the secret of the ultimate weapon — *milk*. If you want a man to marry you, feed him milk or milk symbols at every opportunity. And for speedy results hand feed your man — this is a technique well-proven by animal trainers. Don't laugh, he is probably right.

Milk Power, based on Dr Reuben's belief that calories and orgasm make the world go round, gets you married. And he is quite clear about what *that* means. 'The wife prepares the food and feeds her husband — just like Mother. The wife washes his clothes and makes his bed — just like Mother. The wife cheers him up when he is sad, rewards him when he succeeds, and scolds him when he has been naughty — just like Mother... For better or for worse, a wife takes over right where Mother left off'.

Watch how he treats waitresses, Dr Reuben grimly adds, because you will be his waitress for the next thirty years.

Okay, Sisters, if you want a Reuben-style marriage then his technique will probably work for you. On the other hand if you feel like making it in this world first as a person and not as a gender, then Dr Reuben is not for you. And, by the way, don't worry about the hormones, he's got hormones in his brain too.

Joan Didion: *Play It As It Lays*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 1971 £1.50. 214pp.

In the last scene before the end, Maria Wyeth, disturbed in her sleep by the slight shifting of BZ, holds his hand tighter and tighter as he swallows the last secondals and kills himself. BZ, ever cheer-

ful, knew the pointlessness of it all, knew that the answer to every question was 'nothing'; Maria shares this knowledge, but she, instead, loses her sense of humour, and realizes that you might as well carry on anyway. She lives, during the present-time of the novel, in a luxurious mental hospital and plans her future with Kate, her chronically retarded daughter, canning fruit and vegetables, maybe even making a going concern of it. Silver Wells, the deserted desert hamlet where she mostly grew up, is now the site for subterranean nuclear tests, her mother after visiting the doctor (had she got cancer?) crashes her car and her body is consumed by cayotes, her father dies in optimistic poverty, her marriage to Carter, a famous Hollywood director, ends in divorce, her child is institutionalized, Carter insists she abort a second and adulterous pregnancy, her own career, first as a New York model then as a film-star is over. So what? The society of Beverly Hills and the Californian beaches is loveless, sex usually a weary, sado-masochistic game, there is pain and loneliness behind every conversational repartee, behind every joke that sustains the film community (in fact, the loss of her power to laugh is the social index of Maria's breakdown). So what? While she is still living in Beverly Hills or while she is on location with her husband in the Nevada desert, Maria turns life to a ritual driving the free-way for hours, daily changing the sheets; getting caught up in the minutiae of life, gradually she slips into obsessionality. The aborted foetus gurgles and floats through every bit of plumbing in her house: she moves, without success, to another apartment. Does it matter.

Yes and no. Perhaps it is the howling for her mother, the caring for Kate, the gestures Maria and Carter make to reach each other, the touch of a friend's hand, the remorse for a stood-up friend of her fathers, the wish (and the failure) to care who fucks whom and how, that make the life worth living. But that would be too simple. The point is always contained in the attitude to the pointlessness. This is

the nature of Joan Didion's mastery. The book is beautifully economic. It is a series of parentheses, the incidents, such as those described, are told in a sentence here, a sentence there. Many chapters are less than half a page long. A part of the book is authorial description, a part how other characters see the scene; the larger part is Maria's astringent reveries (a thought, a memory, an image). It is a novel about the importance of the incidental and the insignificance of that importance. It is very good. Juliet Mitchell

Records

Woman: (Island Records) Michael McGear

A really fantastic record. There's blues, rhythm and blues, and rock'n'roll. Lots of sexy rhythms. He says on the album cover, 'I've also treated my voice as an instrument'. This is true, it wraps around all the things he has to say. Most of the lyrics he wrote with a poet called Roger McGough. A kind of down-to-earth imagination comes through, I mean the words don't go flying off into some kind of personal reverie that an outsider couldn't follow. The title track, *Woman*, is a man's feeling of woman. It's a nice feeling, there's love and maybe even awe in it. Michael McGear also produced this record, and it seems like he's captured a lot of different life. What's strange, is that even though there's only a couple of funny songs in the album, I felt a sense of humour through it all. That's a good thing to feel.

Thoughts of Movin' On: (Vertigo-Phonogram) Lighthouse

This is a Canadian group, and there's eleven guys in it. It's amazing how tight the music is with that many people. They come from a lot of different musical backgrounds, so there's a lot of variety in music they play. Sometimes they sound a little bit like Crosby, Stills and Nash, but mostly they've got their own sound. It's a strong, rather grand, because of all the voices and different instruments.

O-Lan Shepard

A resounding triumph!

Margaret Drabble

The Needle's Eye

“Miss Drabble writes like an angel Auberger Waugh, Spectator
... without doubt, the best book she has done Janice Elliott, S. Telegraph
... marvellously written TLS
Miss Drabble is a genuine novelist
C. P. Snow, F. Times £2.25

Weidenfeld & Nicolson



MUNCHY BUSINESS

Lets face it, if you are interested in nosh, you are interested, male or female. However, having come to terms with the fact that there is no groovy substitute to be found for your egg-whisk and mixing bowl, try to consider the boundless potential of the kingdom of grub and the possible alternatives in your attitudes to food.

All this breakfast, lunch, suppertime business just reduces eating to an obligation, and an un-spontaneous function smacking of routine. There is so much raw food around that is really amazing to eat, and which is actually good for your body too.

You don't have to be a vegetarian to get into noshing lovely mixtures of yoghurt, nuts, cheese, apples, raisins, tomatoes etc. They don't need any cooking and therefore can just be alighted on as thoughts of food creep up on you.

In winter it's a different matter as hot food really puts paid to the shivers, but here again a great saucepan of goodies like carrots, tomatoes, appies, leeks, aubergines, meat or chicken, together with stock or tinned soup, can make a pretty effortless and equally nourishing alternative, as can really imaginative toasted sandwiches with fillings like banana, cheese, and bacon, or sausage, marmite and tomato, or fish, cheese and cucumber — the greedy ingredients are endless.

BANANA AND RAW CABBAGE SALAD

for people who don't want to spend much time in the kitchen.

Put in a bowl:

4 tomatoes, cut up

½ raw cabbage, washed, drained and torn into bits

2 handfuls raisins

3 bananas, sliced into rounds

½lb cheddar or blue cheese, cut into cubes

2 handfuls chopped figs (optional)

Leave in a cool place till needed, then mix in the following

SALAD DRESSING

Mix up a teaspoon of mustard and water at the bottom of a mug. Add about 3 inches of oil and half that amount of vinegar, plus pepper and salt and mix well. Then add about 6 loaded teaspoons of brown or white sugar, and add milk till the mug is completely filled. Don't be put off by the sight of the vaguely curdled concoction before you...this dressing is a surefire success and has met with much delighted praise

Right — on to the next one, which is quite an effort but I'm sure there must be some people who do actually enjoy getting something delicious together. This is also excellent for when you find you've inadvertently invited about 8 people to eat with you, all of whom are sworn enemies, none of whom you really know, some of whom you wish to impress.

FRUITY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

8 joints of chicken

mushrooms

1 green pepper

2 large onions

2 large cooking apples

8 rashers streaky bacon

½ pint draught cider

BOUQUET GARNI:

8 bay leaves

¼lb marge

salt and pepper

Melt marge in a large frying pan, put chicken in until they're brown all over. Put them aside in a large casserole pot. Peel onions and let them sizzle in the frying pan. Cut the green pepper into strips, discarding the seedy bits, and add to the onion. Add mushrooms. Once the onion has shrunk enough in cooking to make more room in the pan (you can use 2 frying pans if you've got them), add the bacon and the 2 apples, peeled and cut into eighths (one step further than quartered), and toss the whole lot about till it's half-cooked, but still fairly firm. Then merge the lot together in the casserole in layers of chicken covered with the stuff from the pan, then chicken, and so on.

Don't think that's the end of your labours either, because now, with a knowing smile, you empty ½ the cider into the frying pan, and swill it out over the casserole, finally cleaning the pan out with the rest of the cider and likewise it over the contents of the pot. Stick the bayleaves in, and stuff the bouquet garni down the side, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and disown it into a moderate oven for 2 to 2½ hours, with a lid on.

All you've got to wash up is the

practically gleaming frying pan, plus removing the huge mounds of onion skin and apple peel from your floor. Serve it with a green salad (dressing as before), and jacket potatoes, which you brush with oil, carve a cross on, and sprinkle with salt. Put them in the oven an hour before the casserole is due to be ready. I strongly suggest you remember to remove the bouquet garni before the casserole is on view, as the person who finds what looks like a teabag nestling under their chicken tends to become rather suspicious. I feel extremely full after all this talking about food, but I'm going to drag myself on to the last recipe, which will be a most delightful pudding to finish you off. It's really easy to do, but you will be thought a bloomin' wonder when you nonchalantly produce it. It's called Grape Jemima, but it could be called anything you like as I just made that up. Also you can use any fruit you like.

GRAPE JEMIMA

Peel a great bunch of grapes and resign yourself to getting the seeds out of 'em. (Thawed frozen raspberries are a lazy alternative). Put them in a fireproof dish. You need ½ pint sour cream with a few drops of strawberry essence added, or you could have ordinary double cream with a teaspoon of sherry.

Pour half the cream over the fruit, then whip up the rest into the inevitable stiff peaks and spread it over the fruit as if you were icing a cake. Put in fridge to chill firm. As you stagger into the kitchen with your guests plates loaded with rejected chicken casserole trying to hide under their forks, etc, get the pudding out of the fridge, sprinkle the pud with dark moist brown sugar (Barbados ideal), until its brown all over and shove it under a fierce grill until it's caramelised into a crunchy layer. Whizz back to your guests who will be shocked out of their apathy by the amazing sight of the Jemima. Right — I'm off now, so bye bye. —Fran.





To be continued....

by Hugh Allen

Mid-Summer. The day was girded in lethargy. The pong of lilac hung low and heavy, prisoner of the sun's great downblast. It was a day recalled from childhood. You think of mother's herbacious border, her principal topic of conversation for that brief month. You can remember the crows that hover on thermals and disappear into tiny black dots.

It was that sort of a day all over England and it was having a terrible effect on Molly Spinnot, spinster, eighty-four years and two months old. To-day she felt about eighty-four million. The afternoon had begun with a stoic attempt to garden, not that there was much that needed doing just now. But her efforts had gradually dwindled to alternating a desultory tug at a dandelion with a swab at her sweaty brow with the edge of her blue checked apron. Clearly, she was not making progress.

She eased herself into a deck chair and tried to concentrate on a copy of last week's local paper. There was a report on a bowls match in which one of her remaining contemporaries had taken part. The words shimmered and danced like agitated black ants, merging and fading. Her rice paper eyelids fluttered and closed; the paper crumpled to the ground. She folded her hands on her lap and her spectacles glissaded gently down her sugar loaf nose.

Might as well take a nifty wink, she thought. After all at eighty-four...well she should have put her toes up fourteen years ago by rights. It was a long time since most of her friends had snuffed out the candle or started pushing daisies, or whatever expression you cared to use to indicate a passing over to the other side.

'God bless us, what a thought!' and the torpid afternoon enveloped her, dropping her into the deepest of dozes.

Miss Spinnot's life had not been uneventful. Indisputably a product of the last century, she preferred to live by the standards of her youth, both in terms of social practices and comfort. 'Electricrery', 'liddle places that whooshed when you'd been,' 'horselesses' and so on held no absorption for her. As for the mysteries of jet travel and supermarkets, these were evil innovations that she regarded with the fiercest contempt. She was rather more generous in her attitude towards young folk and the things she read about them in the papers. It wasn't quite like her own idyll of romping through the fields of meadowsweet with the village lads, but her eighty-four years of celibacy had by no means been eighty-four years of virginity. She had borne and raised three hearty sons and with not one of them could she establish with certainty who had been the father. 'Natural as eating,' she often remarked. It could truly be said that Thomas, the eldest, was a flower of innocence since it was not until Charlie was born that she became aware of a positive connection between intercourse and conception. But all three boys were dead now. Charlie and Thomas were killed in the first war and Geordie was killed in the second.

Marriage? 'There ain't never been nobody except my brother Nedrick as I'd want to spend all me days with'. Despite occasional stories born in a drunken evening at the 'Lazy Lamb', she and Nedrick had in fact lived together, virtually as husband and wife in all aspects except one. Nedrick had 'put his toes up' ten years ago when 'his 'eart done burst on 'im, poor boy', the poor boy himself being a

respectable eighty-two. Now, Molly and Flick, the cat, were the only two left, both intent on the business of living until the Almighty pointed His finger and said 'You!'

Since then, she had virtually lived the life of a recluse, only breaking her isolation every other Monday on a shopping expedition to the village.

Molly had been dozing for some three hours when the sound of hollow booted footsteps suddenly brought her to life. Muffled as they were by the cock's comb of grass that grew in the centre of the lane, the sound of footsteps was so unusual that she woke instantly. Folk never came down this lane which led only to a tumbledown cottage deserted since she could remember. Her first thought was that it must be some one from the 'Welfare'. A man had been about that last year, but she'd soon told him. She didn't want no bloomin' Welfare thank you very much! There was enough money stashed away in Nedrick's tobacco tins to see her through a few years yet. She scurried over to the wall, her hackles up. An elephant would have surprised her less than the creature rounding the bend twenty yards away. He was a 'gennelmann' alright, you could see that. 'But stone the pigeons 'e's got pyjamas on!' she whispered. 'Gorblimey I hope 'e ain't escaped from a looneybin. Pyjamas and tacketty boots!'

As she was dwarfed between two hollyhocks, the 'gennelmann' almost passed the cottage without noticing Miss Spinnot so she gave a little cough. She might not like visitors, but she had to know what they were up to. He stopped and they stared at each other in mutual fascination and horror. Eventually the 'gennelmann' recovered enough to break the silence.

'Don't be frightened,' he said.

'I ain't.' She said.

Silence

'Well good. Er...Good Evening. Singularly clement weather...isn't it?' He indicated the great red sun with a nervous sweep of his arm.

'Eh?' He spoke nice. He must be a 'gennulmann' with all them words.

'Lovely evening'.

'That's right.'

He was getting nowhere. 'Look, would you happen to know where this lane leads to by any chance?'

'I bloomin' well ought to. I live 'ere all me life. It goes to a derelic ruin. you lost your way 'ave you?'

'In a manner of speaking. You see I'm a convict. At least I was. I escaped yesterday.'

'You're a what, dear?' she asked.

'An escaped convict.'

'What's that then? Oh, you mean from prison?'

'Yes I'm afraid so.' She stared at him with incredulous admiration.

'Well that's a bloomin relief. I thought you was from a looneybin or the Welfare or sommat.'

'Oh no. Nothing like that. Just a good honest escaped convict.' She must be mad.

For some moments she scrutinised him uncertainly. After all it wasn't every day that you met an escaped convict and

she was not at all sure how you recognised one when you did. Nedrick had been to prison once for stealing a horse, but at the time she had been too ashamed to go and visit him. The 'gennelmuun' said nothing. He just smiled politely. He'd played his only card and now it was up to her. Well, she supposed it must be alright. After all he had a nice face.

'You'd better come and have a sup of wine' she said. 'You looks mighty thirsty.'

'Aren't you frightened?'

'You said not to be.'

'But I could be dangerous.'

'Nonsense. I bet you're just a nice man gone off the rails.'

'That's very kind of you. I can't stop long though, I've been out since yesterday and they're sure to be looking for me.' But she reached over the wall and gave him a boney prod. 'Don't you worry Love. I never 'ad much to do with the likes of them, police and all. My Nedrick's been in prison once.' She was rather proud of it in the presence of this stranger.

'Who's Nedrick?'

'My brother.'

'Oh really? Perhaps we could talk about old times.'

'My dead brother. Ten years last May 'e went.'

'Oh I say. I'm frightfully sorry, I...'

'Don't be. I dare say 'e's 'appy. You go in by the gate and I'll get us each a dribble.' This was rather exciting. That was the trouble with being a recluse, nothing ever happened. Now she'd got an escaped convict on her hands, a 'gennelmuun' and nice looking at that. She was damned if she was going to let him go. She winked at him. 'Come on. I ain't going to report you. I ain't even got no 'phone nor nothing.'

He rubbed his eyes with a clammy fist and the sweat stung. Yes he was awake and there was no denying that lilac, pungent to the point of repulsion. He looked again at the cottage and saw his benefactress beckon to him.

'Come on dear,' she called. 'You got stuck or something?'

'No I was just thinking.'

'I shouldn't do that,' she advised, 'never did nobody no bloomin' good.'

He pushed the gate. By the time he had stepped inside, bending his head to avoid the great oak lintel, she was already tilting a pitcher to a couple of enamel mugs.

'Care for a mouthful?' she asked and gave him another ribald wink. He nodded gratefully and looked about the little room. Though dark, despite a golden shaft of evening sunlight, it was as neat as ninety.

'Who keeps it all like this?'

'I does it meself,' she crowed. 'I does it meself.'

'And the garden?'

'Does it meself as well. Sit you down and have a sip. And what's your name by the way?'

'James. What's yours?'

'Molly Spinnot.'

'Well how do you do?'

'Unfortunately you'll never know me better. I must be going soon. They'll be looking for me.'

'Oh yes?' she said. 'And where might an escaped convict what's lost his way be thinking of going all dressed up in them things? Listen to me boy, when you've drunk a mug or two of my elderberry and when I've given you a bite of summat hot, I'm going to tuck you in Nedrick's bed. Then when you wakes up in the morning you're going to get yourself dressed in some of his clothes. I kept them all this time. Then you're going to tell me why a nice young gennulmuun like you gets himself locked up in prison and ain't got nowhere to go when 'e escapes. Then we shall see what we shall see, eh?'

'But...'

'But me no butts. There ain't nothin' to be afeared of here. There ain't nobody been near the place in years.'

'But...'

'But nothin' I tells you.'

'But there's a car,' he blurted out. 'I can hear a car!'

'Car?' she said cocking a hand to her ear. 'Car - Rhubarb! I don't hear no car.'

'I'm sure I hear a car,' he insisted. 'For God's sake I'm sure!'

This story is now yours to finish. We don't have an ending so we are inviting our readers to finish it off. Make it humorous, serious, whatever takes your fancy. We'll pay £5 for the replies printed.

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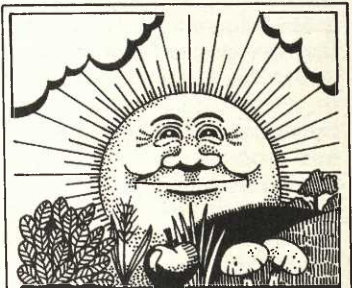
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SPARE PARTS

Instead of panicking when shelves fall down, fuses blow, drains block, shoes wear out — read Spare Parts and do-it-yourself.

The method of putting up a shelf will depend on where it is going to go, ie, alcove or open wall, and what is going to go on it, for strength and width of plank.

When buying wood from timber merchants for shelving (softwood) where possible buy long lengths and cut to size yourself. Many timber merchants will deliver free of charge.

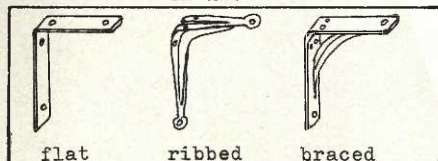
Note: If you have the pieces cut to correct lengths by the merchant, it costs anything from 1p a foot more and is not always accurate. Wood is now in many cases being sold to the nearest metre so, when ordering, work out your measurements in metric. All dimensions of softwood except length refer to the wood in the sawn state (ie, before it is planned). When buying planks allow for 1/8" to 1/4" loss. For example, a 1" x 6" plank actually measures 7/8" x 5 1/2" when planned.

Do not accept bent or warped wood. Send it back.

When buying materials it is advisable to avoid the Do-It-Yourself shops, as it is often much more expensive than at an ironmongers, builders merchant, large hardware store, or timber yard.

BRACKET SHELVES

According to the length of the shelf and the load it will bear, it is best to place the brackets no more than 3 ft apart, eg, 6 ft shelf needs 3 brackets. The longest side of the bracket is attached to the wall or upright, while the shorter side which supports the plank should be no less than 1 in under the width of the shelf.



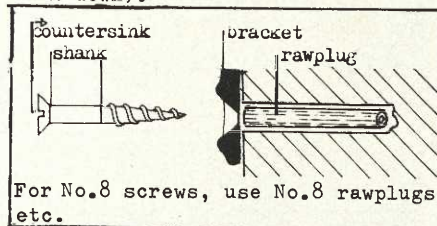
Decide on the height of the shelves visually, then measure up from the floor at least twice to get it horizontal, to where the top of the bracket will be, eg, the underneath of the shelf.

Place the brackets up to the marks on the wall and mark through the

screw holes. Do this with all the brackets and drill holes to the length of your screw at all these points.

If you have a power drill use a masonry drill bit the size UP from the screw that is going in the wall. When buying the brackets buy the appropriate screws and rawplugs, and ask for the masonry drill bit for this job. If it is a cavity wall you will need special cavity wall fittings as opposed to ordinary screws. If you do not have a drill, a rawplug plugging tool is just as good — harder work but cheaper (40p approx).

In the case of cavity walls, place the brackets over holes in the wall, put cavity wall screws through brackets and screw up securely. In solid walls, place rawplugs in drilled holes so that they are flush with the surface, put bracket over holes and screw up very tight (loose brackets make your shelf fall down).



For No.8 screws, use No.8 rawplugs etc.

Cut shelf to correct length and sandpaper off rough ends. Place shelf in position on brackets and mark through screw holes. Remove shelf and pierce wood in the centre of the marks with a bradawl or any sharp instrument (skewer or scissor point) to act as a pilot for the screw. Put the shelf back on brackets and secure in position.



If putting up shelves one above the other, start with the top shelf ... it is easier when screwing the shelves on.

SHELVES ON BATONS OR 'SHELVING SYSTEMS'

This is where the brackets are attached to upright batons (ie, 2" x 1" softwood) on the walls and require less drilling into the walls themselves.

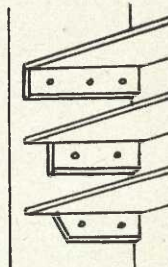
FIGURE 4

The metal shelving system works on the same principle and although it is more expensive it is simpler to dismantle and re-erect and also gives you adjustable shelves.

ALCOVES FIGURES 1-3

Measure up from the floor at the sides of the alcoves and make marks at the back and front. Draw a straight line where the underneath of the end of your shelf will come. Do this for each shelf, and beware of uneven floors.

The width of your end batons depends on the weight of your shelf and how you want it to look. Cut the batons to less than the width of the shelf if you don't want them to show. You can also bevel these ends to make them less conspicuous.



Drill at least two holes in each of the end batons SLIGHTLY LARGER than the shank of the screw.

Taking each baton in turn hold it up against the line on the side of the alcove and mark through the holes onto the wall with a nail or pointed object. Remove baton and drill holes where these marks occur as described above. Insert rawplugs and screw batons SECURELY into position. Do this to all batons.

Measure total width of alcove ACCURATELY at the back and front in case of uneven walls. Cut your planks as exactly as possible to the size and place them on top of batons. (Measure and cut each shelf in turn as the length of the alcove often varies.) The shelves just rest on the batons. It is only necessary to screw shelves onto the batons if the shelf will be supporting a very heavy weight. If you do this, start with the bottom shelf.

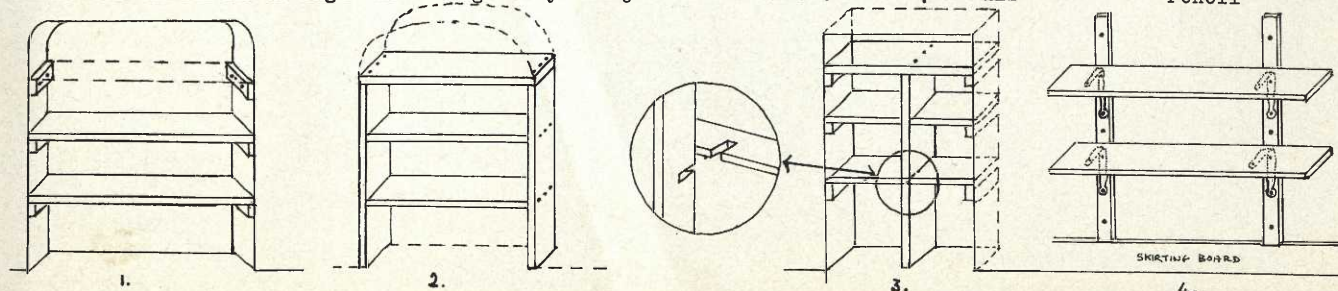
If the alcove is more than 3 ft in width it will need to be supported in the middle either by a centre bracket, a centre baton front and back, or a centre plank slotted side on to the shelves.

There are many variations and alternatives to the basic shelving methods above. If you have any queries or suggestions for future SPARE PARTS, please write in.

Stephanie Gilbert

TOOLS

Medium cut saw	Screwdriver or
Power Drill	Plugging tool &
Tape measure	hammer
Counter-sink bit	Trisquare
Drills	Pencil



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